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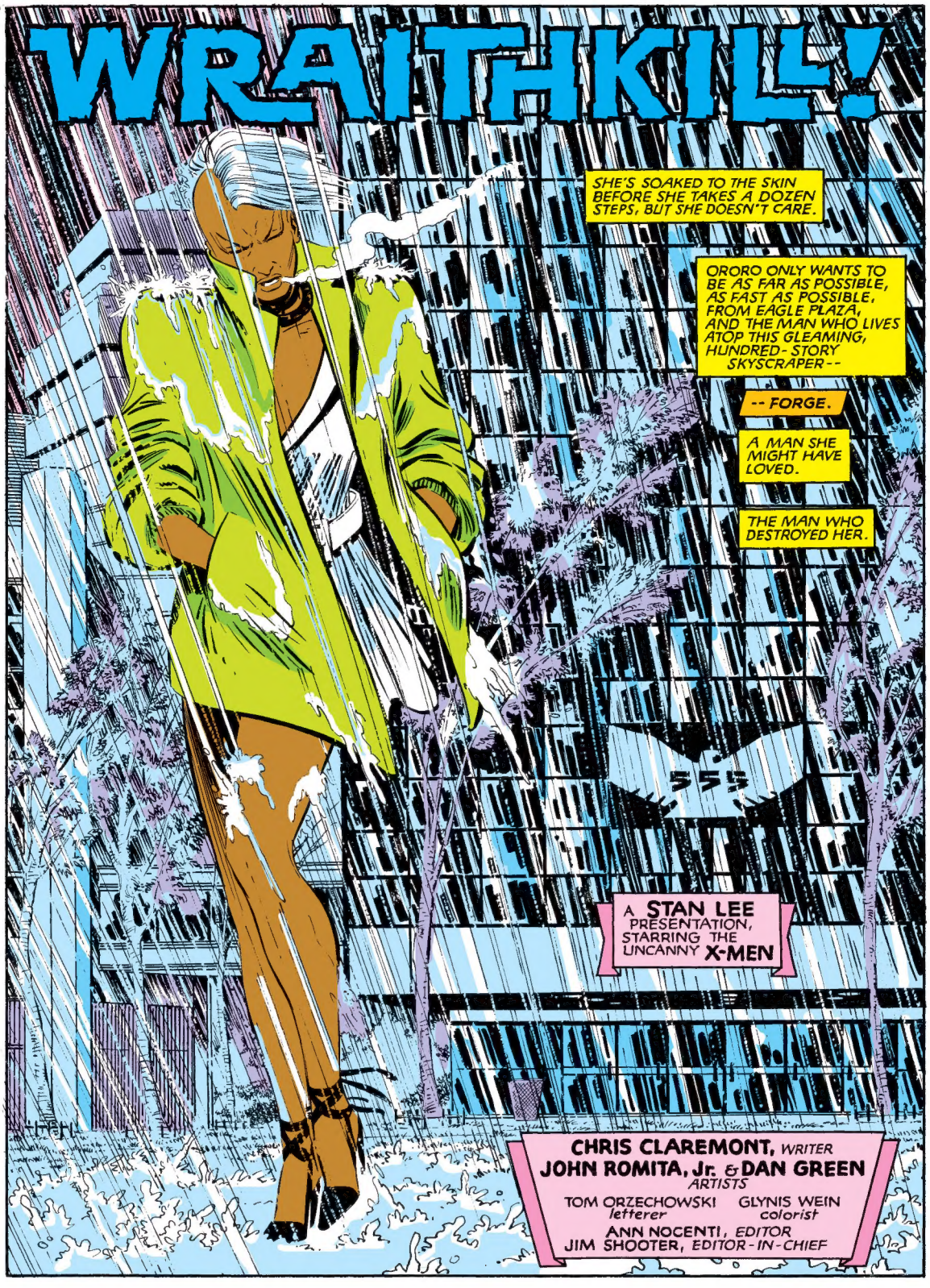

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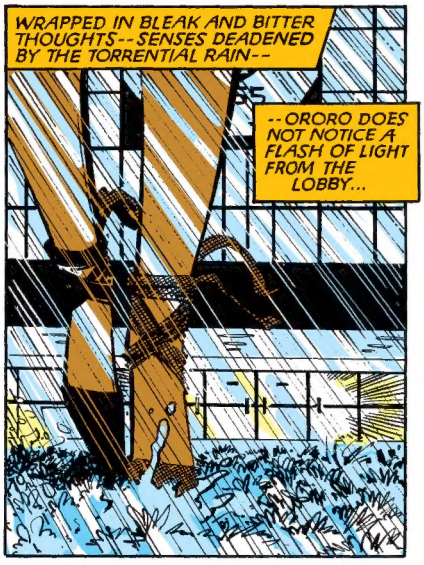
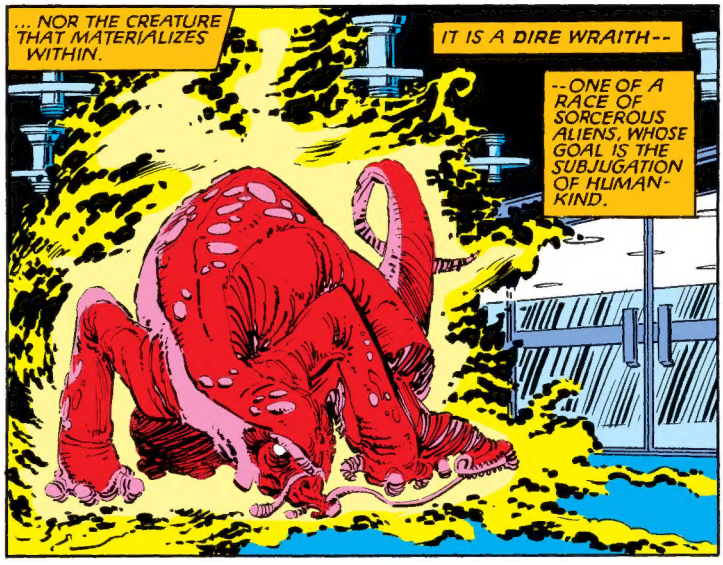
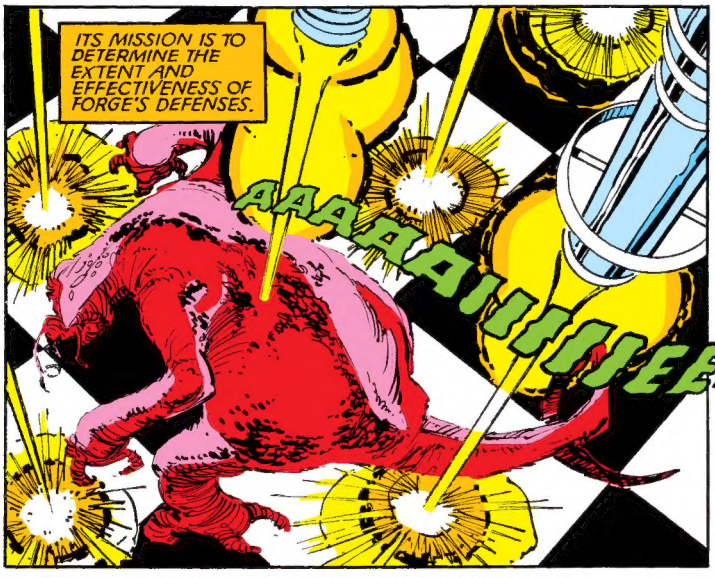
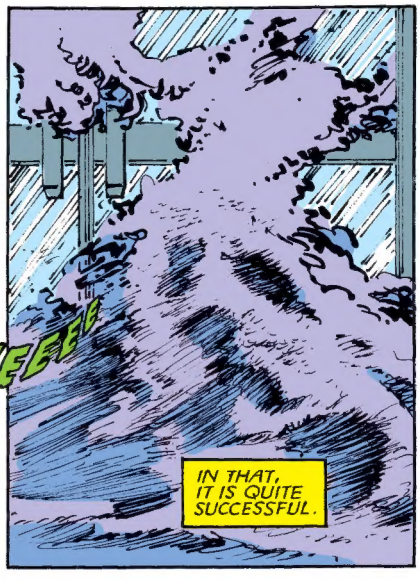
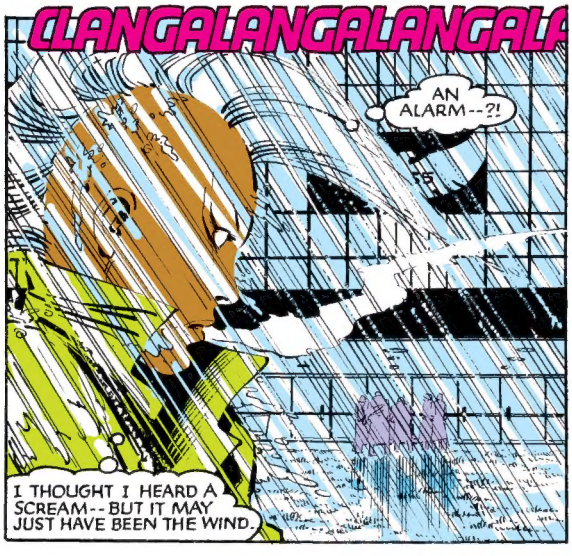
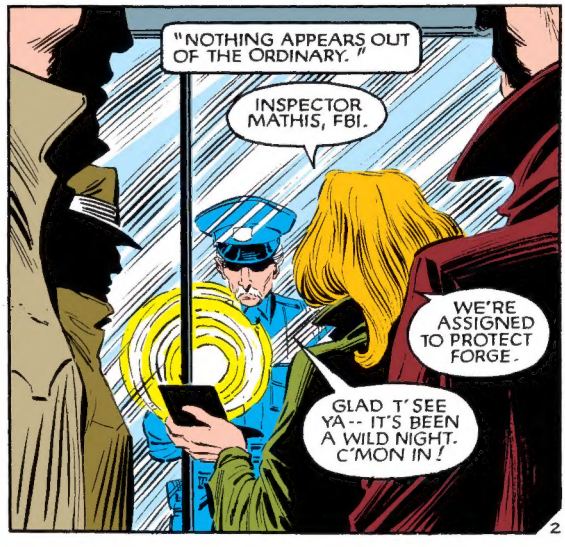

WRAPPED IN BLEAK AND BITTER THOUGHTS--SENSES DEADENED BY THE TORRENTIAL RAIN--
--ORORO DOES NOT NOTICE A FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE LOBBY...

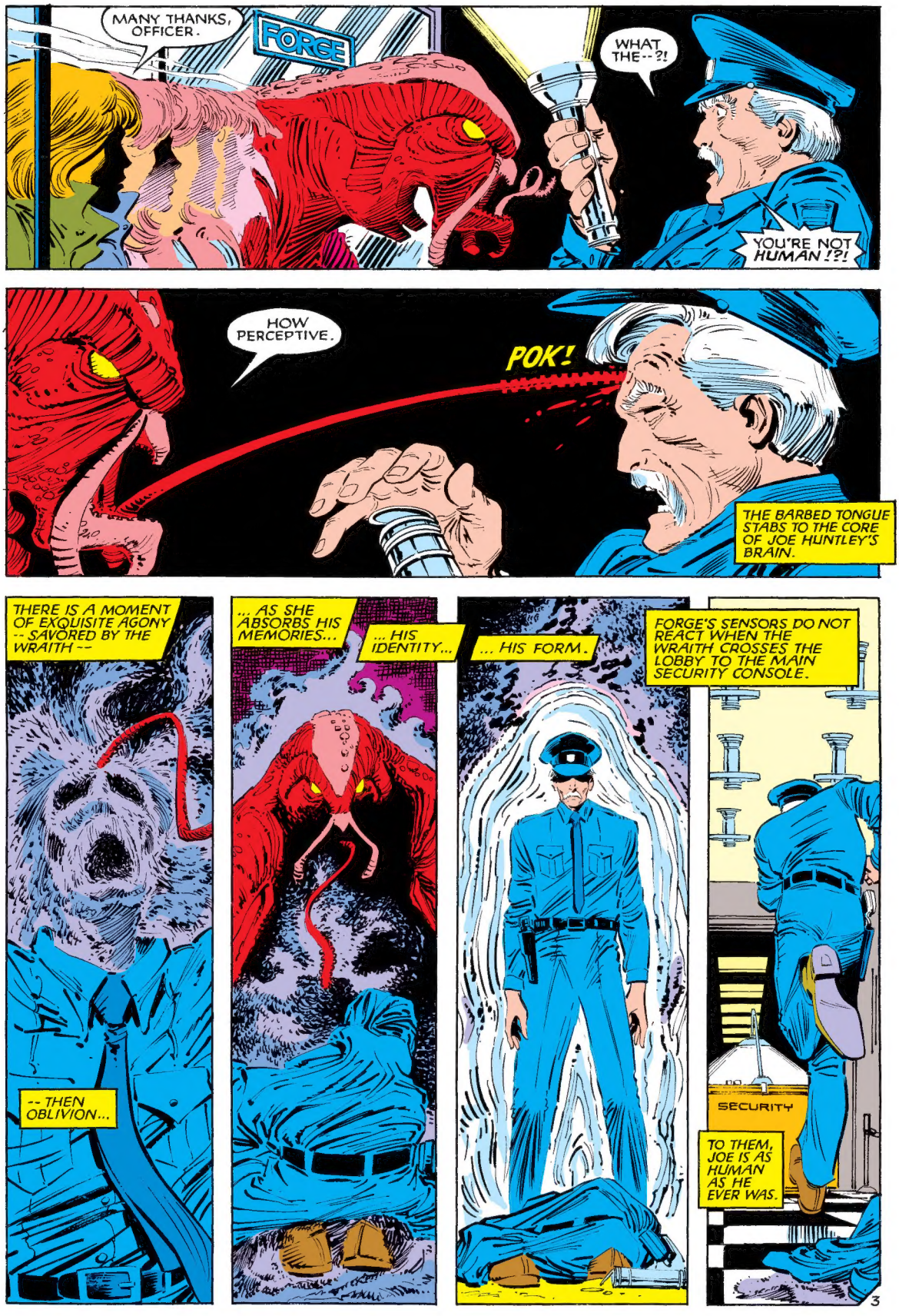

... NOR THE CREATURE THAT MATERIALIZES WITHIN.
IT IS A DIRE WRAITH--
--ONE OF A RACE OF SORCEROUS ALIENS, WHOSE GOAL IS THE SUBJUGATION OF HUMANKIND.

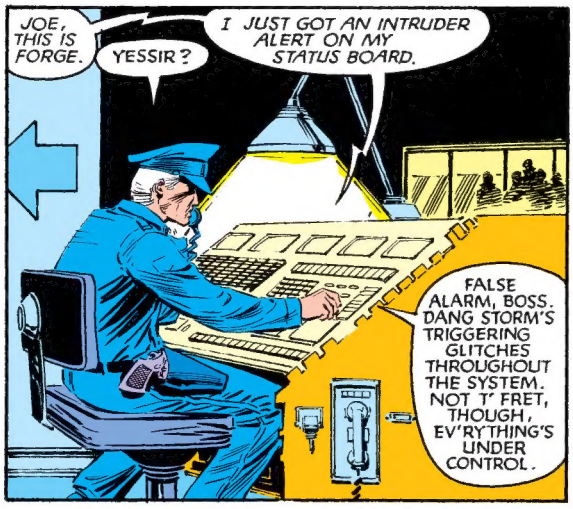

ITS MISSION IS TO DETERMINE THE EXTENT AND EFFECTIVENESS OF FORGE'S DEFENSES.
AAAAAIIIIISEEEEEE

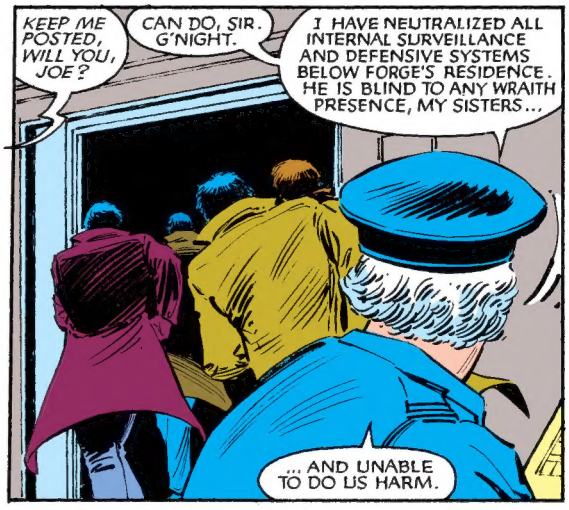

IN THAT, IT IS QUITE SUCCESSFUL.


CLANGALANGALANGALA
AN ALARM--?!
I THOUGHT I HEARD A SCREAM--BUT IT MAY JUST HAVE BEEN THE WIND.


"NOTHING APPEARS OUT OF THE ORDINARY."
INSPECTOR MATHIS, FBI.
WE'RE ASSIGNED TO PROTECT FORGE.
GLAD T'SEE YA-- IT'S BEEN A WILD NIGHT. C'MON IN!


MANY THANKS, OFFICER.
FORGE
WHAT THE--?!
YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!?!
HOW PERCEPTIVE.
POK!
THE BARBED TONGUE STABS TO THE CORE OF JOE HUNTLEY'S BRAIN.
THERE IS A MOMENT OF EXQUISITE AGONY -- SAVORED BY THE WRAITH --
-- THEN OBLIVION...
... AS SHE ABSORBS HIS MEMORIES...
... HIS IDENTITY...
... HIS FORM.
FORGE'S SENSORS DO NOT REACT WHEN THE WRAITH CROSSES THE LOBBY TO THE MAIN SECURITY CONSOLE.
SECURITY
TO THEM, JOE IS AS HUMAN AS HE EVER WAS.

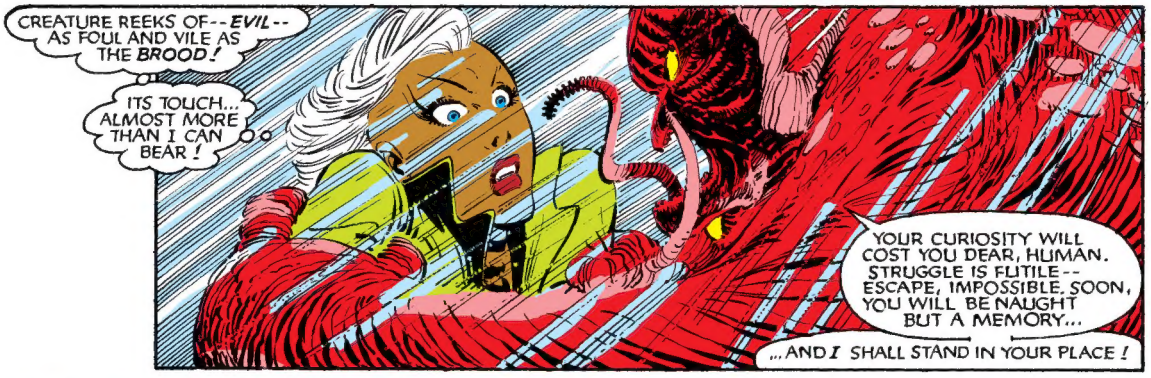

JOE, THIS IS FORGE.
YESSIR?
I JUST GOT AN INTRUDER ALERT ON MY STATUS BOARD.
FALSE ALARM, BOSS. DANG STORM'S TRIGGERING GLITCHES THROUGHOUT THE SYSTEM. NOT T' FRET, THOUGH, EV'RYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.

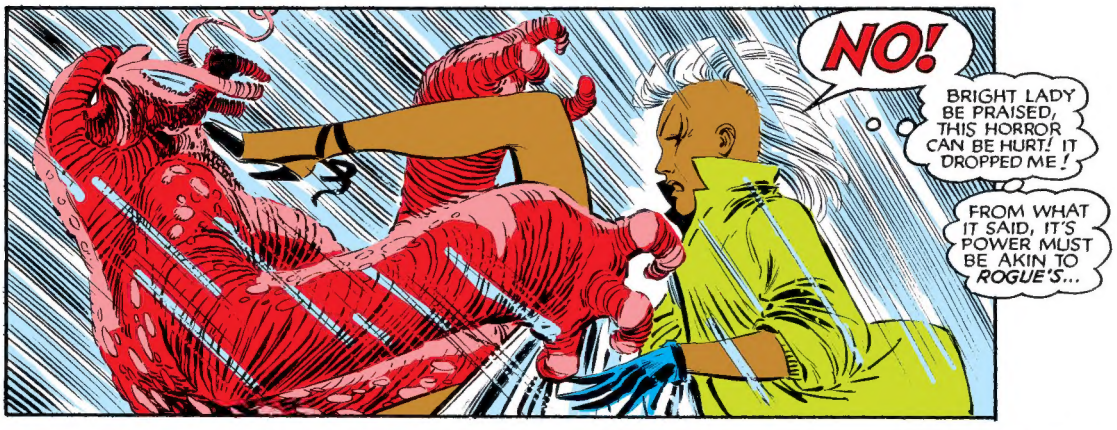

KEEP ME POSTED, WILL YOU, JOE?
CAN DO, SIR. G'NIGHT.
I HAVE NEUTRALIZED ALL INTERNAL SURVEILLANCE AND DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS BELOW FORGE'S RESIDENCE. HE IS BLIND TO ANY WRAITH PRESENCE, MY SISTERS...
... AND UNABLE TO DO US HARM.

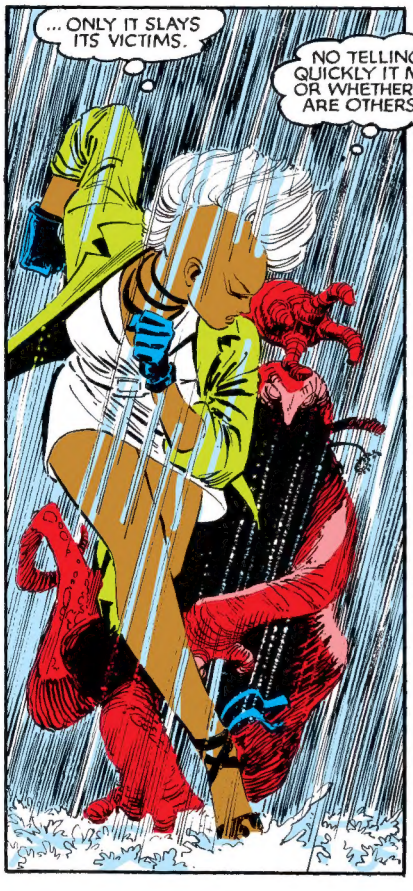
WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THERE-- SO HARD TO TELL, I CAN BARELY SEE.
WHY EVEN BOTHER, OR CARE?! THIS IS NO CONCERN OF MINE -- I SHOULD LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE...

...AND BE ON MY WAY-- EH?!
SOMETHING BEHIND ME--?!

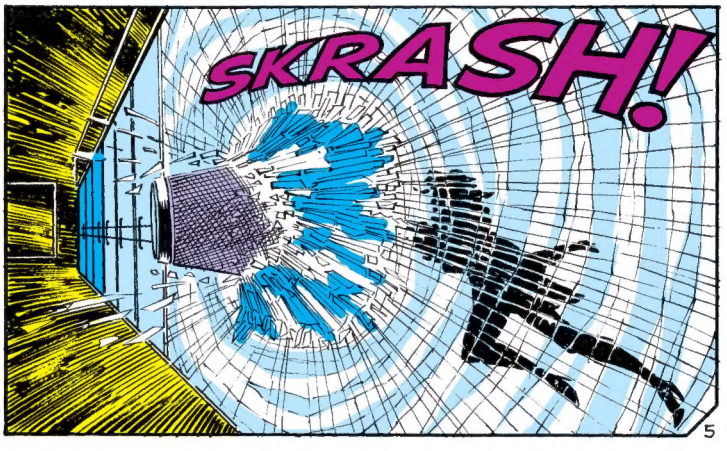
GODDESS!?!


CREATURE REEKS OF--EVIL--AS FOUL AND VILE AS THE BROOD!
ITS TOUCH... ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN BEAR!
YOUR CURIOSITY WILL COST YOU DEAR, HUMAN. STRUGGLE IS FUTILE--ESCAPE, IMPOSSIBLE. SOON, YOU WILL BE NAUGHT BUT A MEMORY...
...AND I SHALL STAND IN YOUR PLACE!


NO!
BRIGHT LADY BE PRAISED, THIS HORROR CAN BE HURT! IT DROPPED ME!
FROM WHAT IT SAID, IT'S POWER MUST BE AKIN TO ROGUE'S...

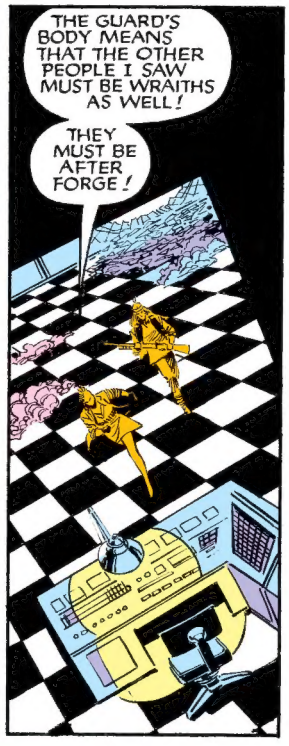

...ONLY IT SLAYS ITS VICTIMS.
NO TELLING HOW QUICKLY IT MOVES--OR WHETHER THERE ARE OTHERS NEARBY--

--THE SAFEST PLACE TO RUN IS FORGE'S BUILDING!

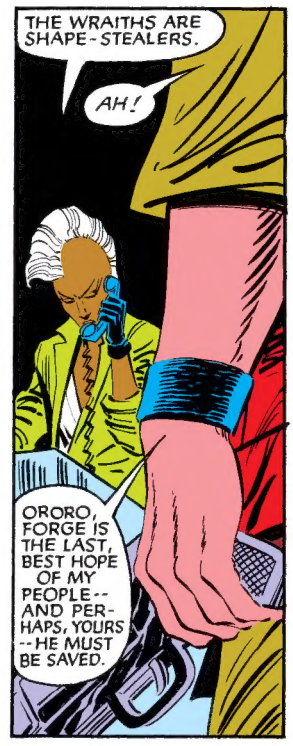

SKRASH!

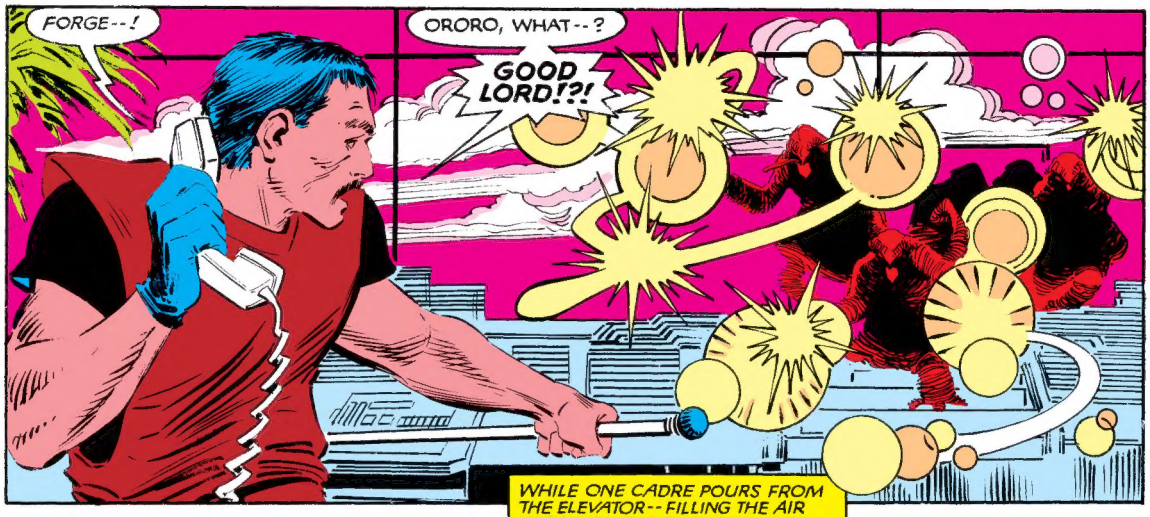
THERE IS NO HELP FOR YOU HERE, MAMMAL. THIS PLACE-- LIKE ITS MASTER-- WILL SOON BELONG TO THE DIRE WRAITHS!
A CRUMPLED UNIFORM -- A PILE OF DUST-- THE GUARD?!
OH, THE POOR MAN!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
KLIK!
YOU WILL NOT DIE UNAVENGED, MY FRIEND!
YOUR WEAPON IS EMPTY!
AND THOUGH I AM SORELY WOUNDED--
-- YOUR LIFE ESSENCE WILL RESTORE--
PHOOM!
UGH! THE WRAITH-- DISINTEGRATING! BY ALL THAT IS HOLY, THE STENCH IS WORSE THAN A CHARNAL PIT!
IT WAS SHOT-- BUT WHO?!!
NAME'S NAZE.
YOU OKAY, MA'AM?

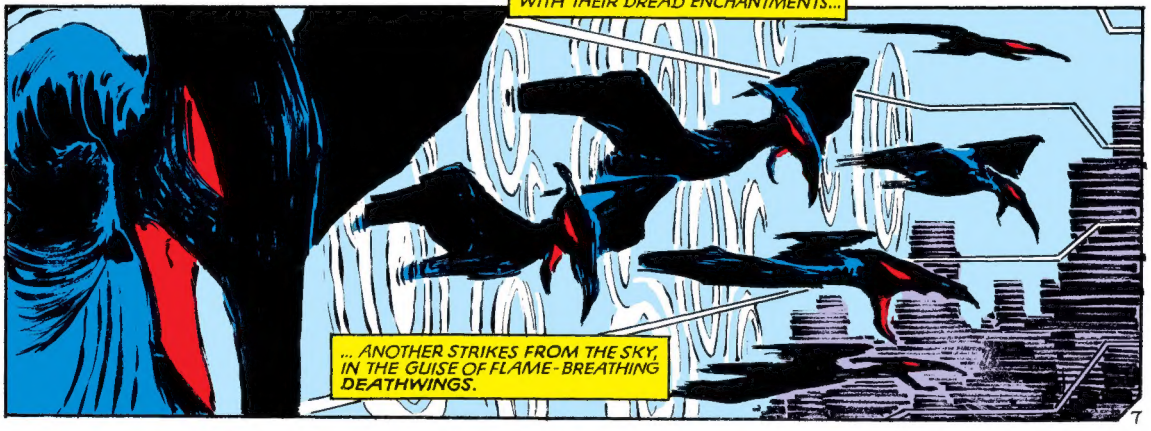
I CANNOT FAULT YOUR TIMING OR YOUR AIM-- THANK YOU.
GLAD T' BE OF HELP. WHAT WAS THAT CRITTER, ANYWAY?
A DIRE WRAITH.
AN' YOU'RE...?
ORORO.


THE GUARD'S BODY MEANS THAT THE OTHER PEOPLE I SAW MUST BE WRAITHS AS WELL!
THEY MUST BE AFTER FORGE!

THAT EXPLAINS MY DREAMS.
??
I'M A SHAMAN. LAST NIGHT, I SAW THE EAGLE FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE ATOP HIS AERIE, STRUCK DOWN BY THOSE WHO SEEMED TO BE TRUSTED FRIENDS AND YET, WERE NOT.


THE WRAITHS ARE SHAPE-STEALERS.
AH!
ORORO, FORGE IS THE LAST, BEST HOPE OF MY PEOPLE-- AND PERHAPS, YOURS --HE MUST BE SAVED.

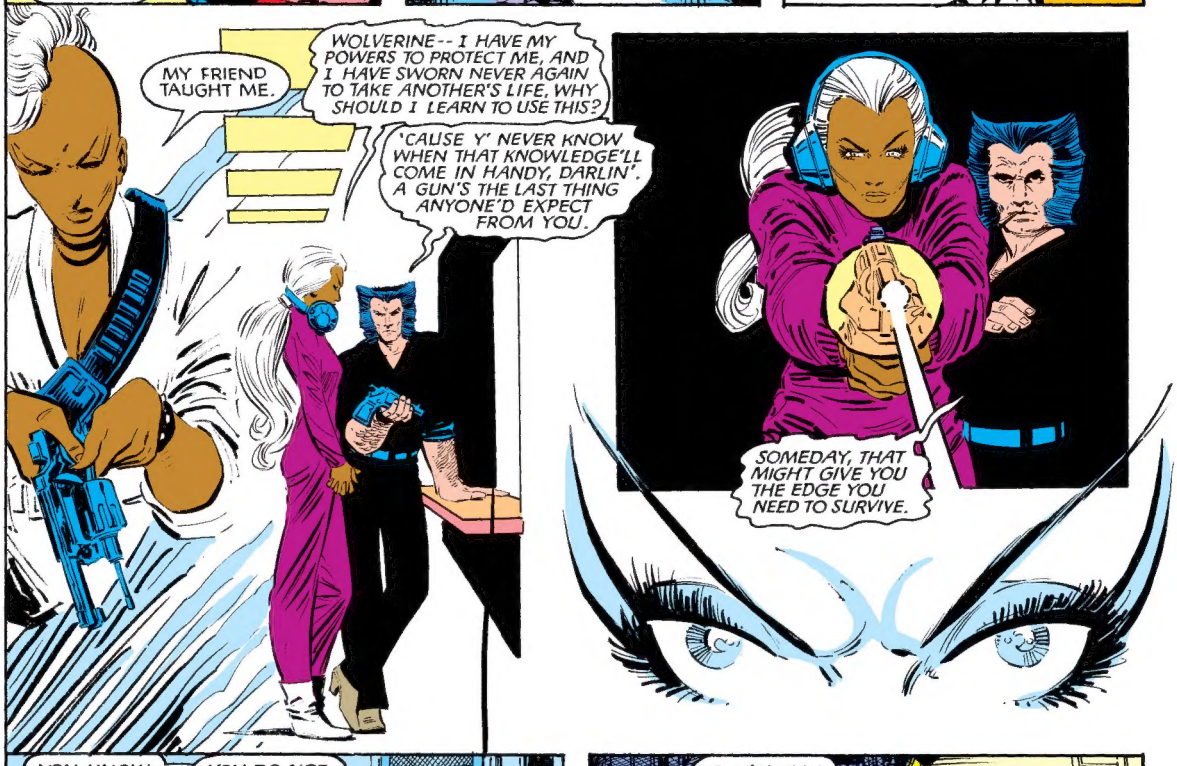

FORGE--!
ORORO, WHAT--?
GOOD LORD!?!

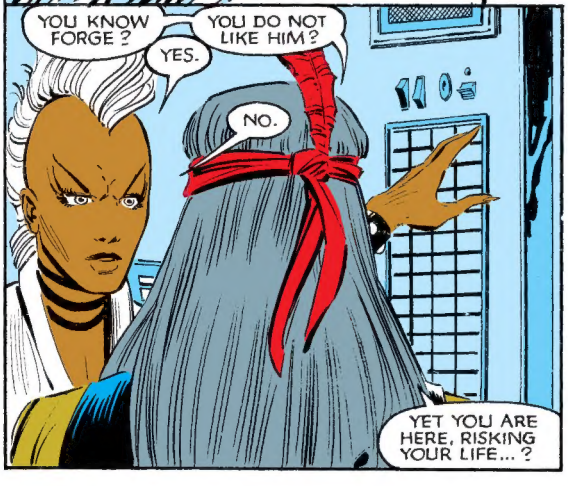

WHILE ONE CADRE POURS FROM THE ELEVATOR-- FILLING THE AIR WITH THEIR DREAD ENCHANTMENTS...
... ANOTHER STRIKES FROM THE SKY, IN THE GUISE OF FLAME-BREATHING DEATHWINGS.

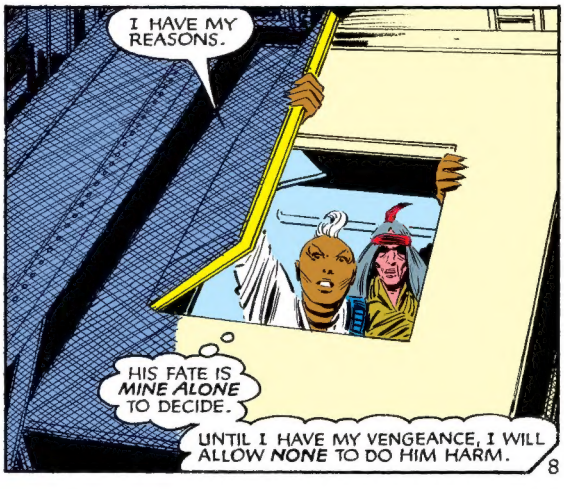
TOO LATE.
SO WHAT NOW?
SIGH--WE GO TO HIS RESCUE.

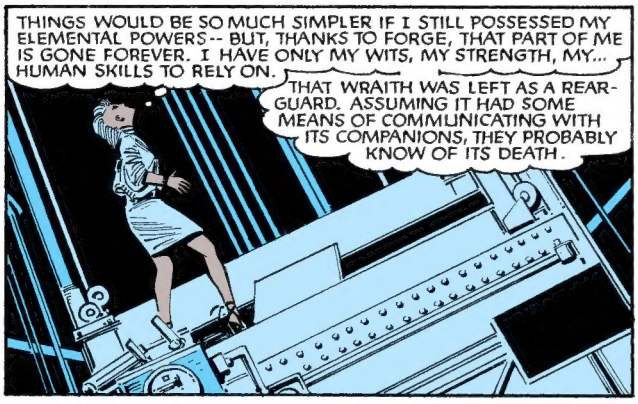
BEEN AWHILE SINCE I WAS IN A DECENT SCRAP. I'M LONG OVERDUE.
I HAVE A FRIEND...

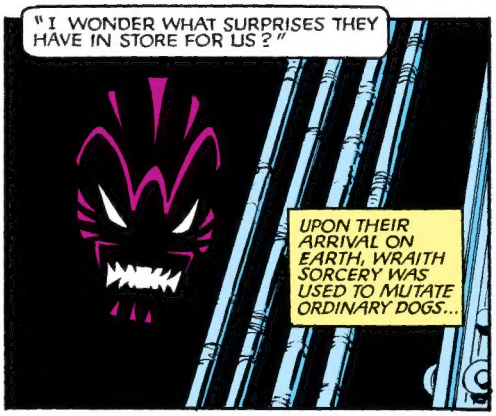
... WHO WOULD CONSIDER YOU A MAN AFTER HIS OWN HEART. I WISH HE WAS HERE.
WE'LL DO FINE--
--'SPECIALLY THE WAY YOU SHOOT.


MY FRIEND TAUGHT ME.
WOLVERINE-- I HAVE MY POWERS TO PROTECT ME, AND I HAVE SWORN NEVER AGAIN TO TAKE ANOTHER'S LIFE, WHY SHOULD I LEARN TO USE THIS?
'CAUSE Y' NEVER KNOW WHEN THAT KNOWLEDGE'LL COME IN HANDY, DARLIN'. A GUN'S THE LAST THING ANYONE'D EXPECT FROM YOU.
SOMEDAY, THAT MIGHT GIVE YOU THE EDGE YOU NEED TO SURVIVE.

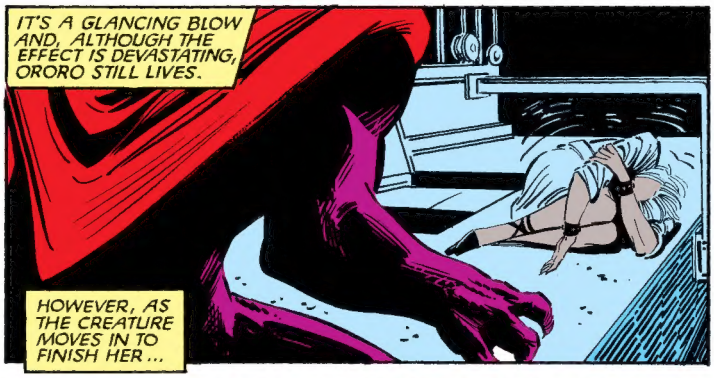

YOU KNOW FORGE?
YES.
YOU DO NOT LIKE HIM?
NO.
YET YOU ARE HERE, RISKING YOUR LIFE...?

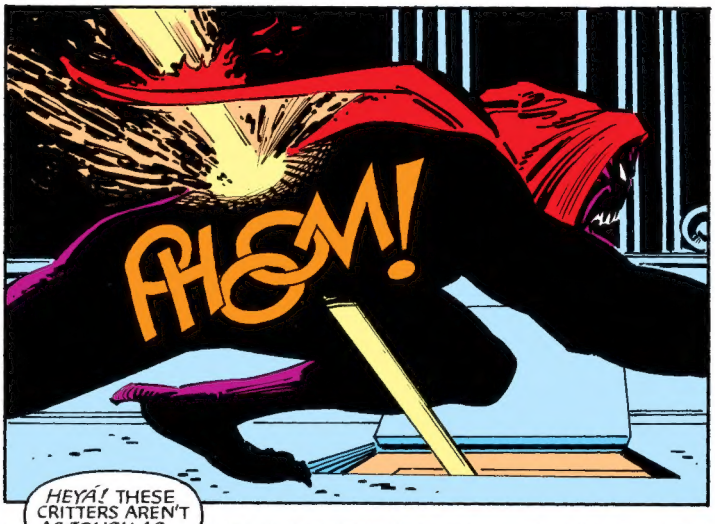

I HAVE MY REASONS.
HIS FATE IS MINE ALONE TO DECIDE.
UNTIL I HAVE MY VENGEANCE, I WILL ALLOW NONE TO DO HIM HARM.


THINGS WOULD BE SO MUCH SIMPLER IF I STILL POSSESSED MY ELEMENTAL POWERS-- BUT, THANKS TO FORGE, THAT PART OF ME IS GONE FOREVER. I HAVE ONLY MY WITS, MY STRENGTH, MY... HUMAN SKILLS TO RELY ON.
THAT WRAITH WAS LEFT AS A REAR-GUARD. ASSUMING IT HAD SOME MEANS OF COMMUNICATING WITH ITS COMPANIONS, THEY PROBABLY KNOW OF ITS DEATH.

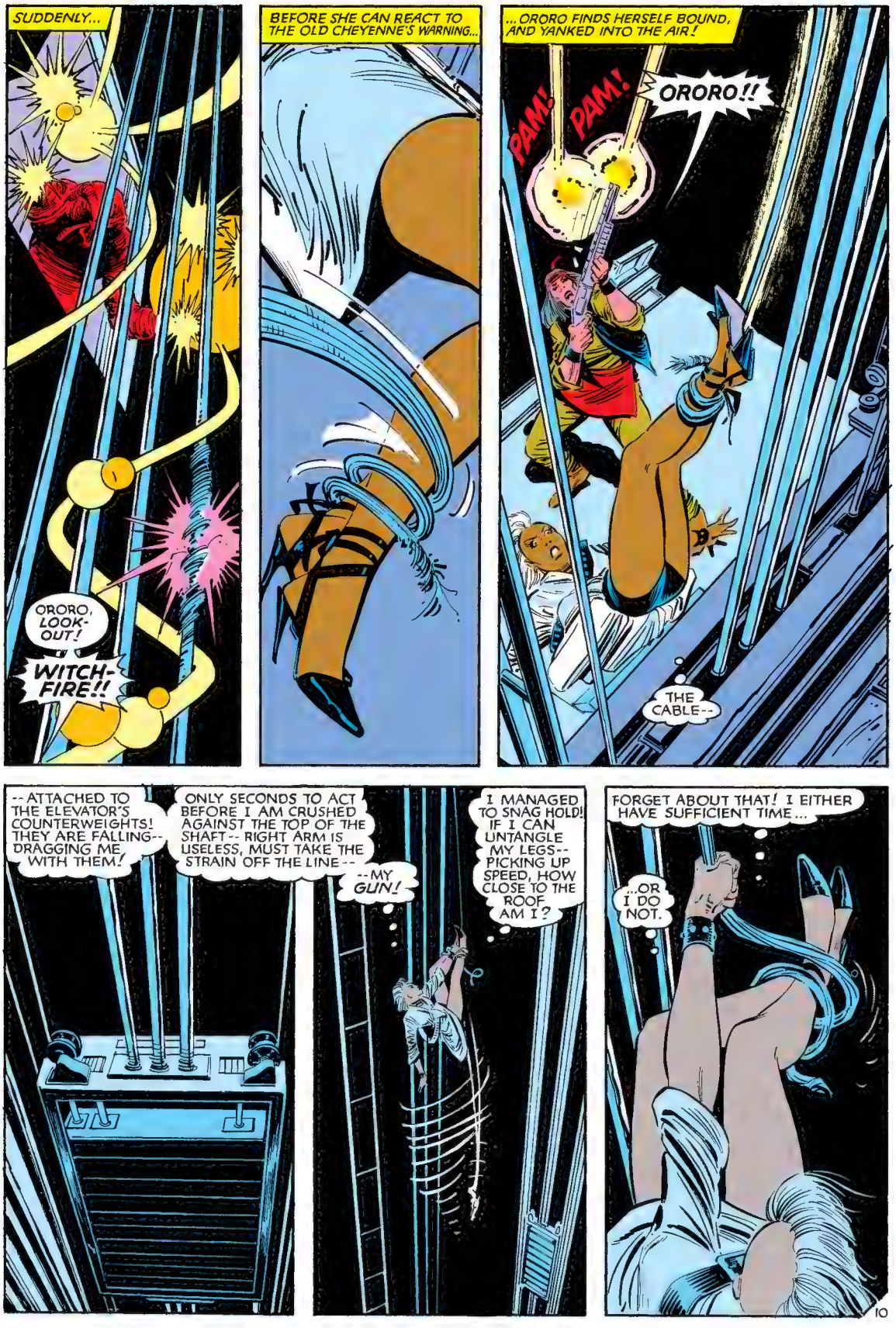

"I WONDER WHAT SURPRISES THEY HAVE IN STORE FOR US?"
UPON THEIR ARRIVAL ON EARTH, WRAITH SORCERY WAS USED TO MUTATE ORDINARY DOGS...

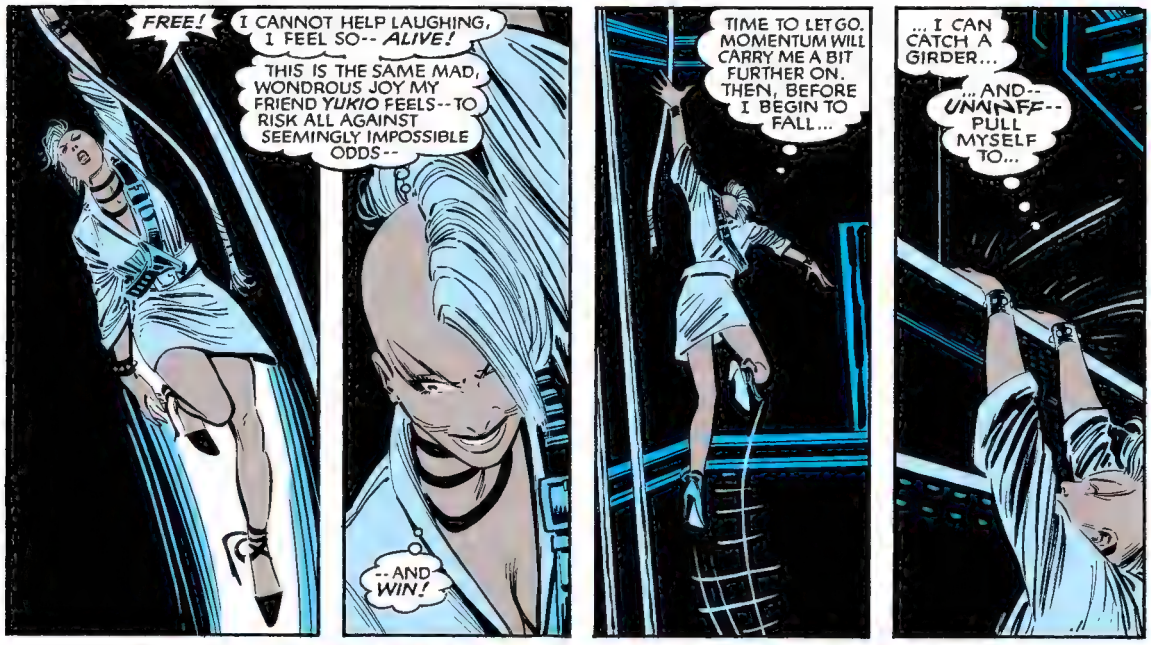
... INTO DAEMONIC HELLHOUNDS--
--CAPABLE OF DISRUPTING THE FUNCTION OF ANY MACHINE OR LIVING BEING, SIMPLY BY PHASING THROUGH IT.
ARRGH!

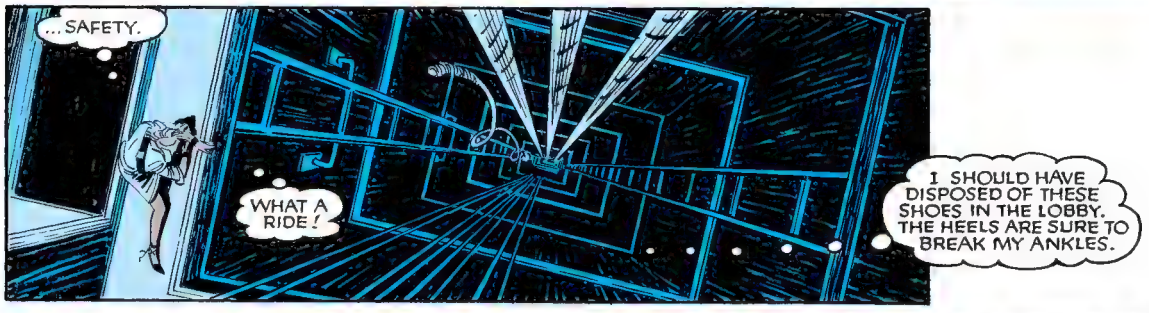

IT'S A GLANCING BLOW AND, ALTHOUGH THE EFFECT IS DEVASTATING, ORORO STILL LIVES.
HOWEVER, AS THE CREATURE MOVES IN TO FINISH HER...


PHOM!

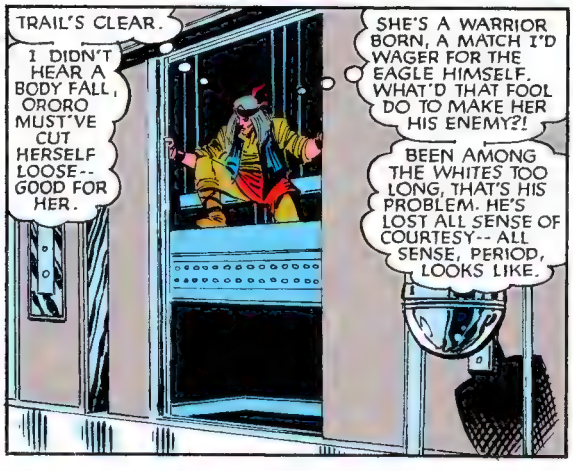
HEYA! THESE CRITTERS AREN'T AS TOUGH AS THEY LOOK.
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY!
AGAIN, NAZÉ, I AM IN YOUR DEBT.
SAVE FORGE, WOMAN, I'LL CONSIDER US EVEN.


SUDDENLY...
ORORO, LOOK-OUT!
WITCH-FIRE!!
BEFORE SHE CAN REACT TO THE OLD CHEYENNE'S WARNING...
...ORORO FINDS HERSELF BOUND, AND YANKED INTO THE AIR!
PAM!
PAM!
ORORO!!
THE CABLE--
--ATTACHED TO THE ELEVATOR'S COUNTERWEIGHTS! THEY ARE FALLING--DRAGGING ME WITH THEM!
ONLY SECONDS TO ACT BEFORE I AM CRUSHED AGAINST THE TOP OF THE SHAFT-- RIGHT ARM IS USELESS, MUST TAKE THE STRAIN OFF THE LINE--
--MY GUN!
I MANAGED TO SNAG HOLD! IF I CAN UNTANGLE MY LEGS--PICKING UP SPEED, HOW CLOSE TO THE ROOF AM I?
FORGET ABOUT THAT! I EITHER HAVE SUFFICIENT TIME...
...OR I DO NOT.

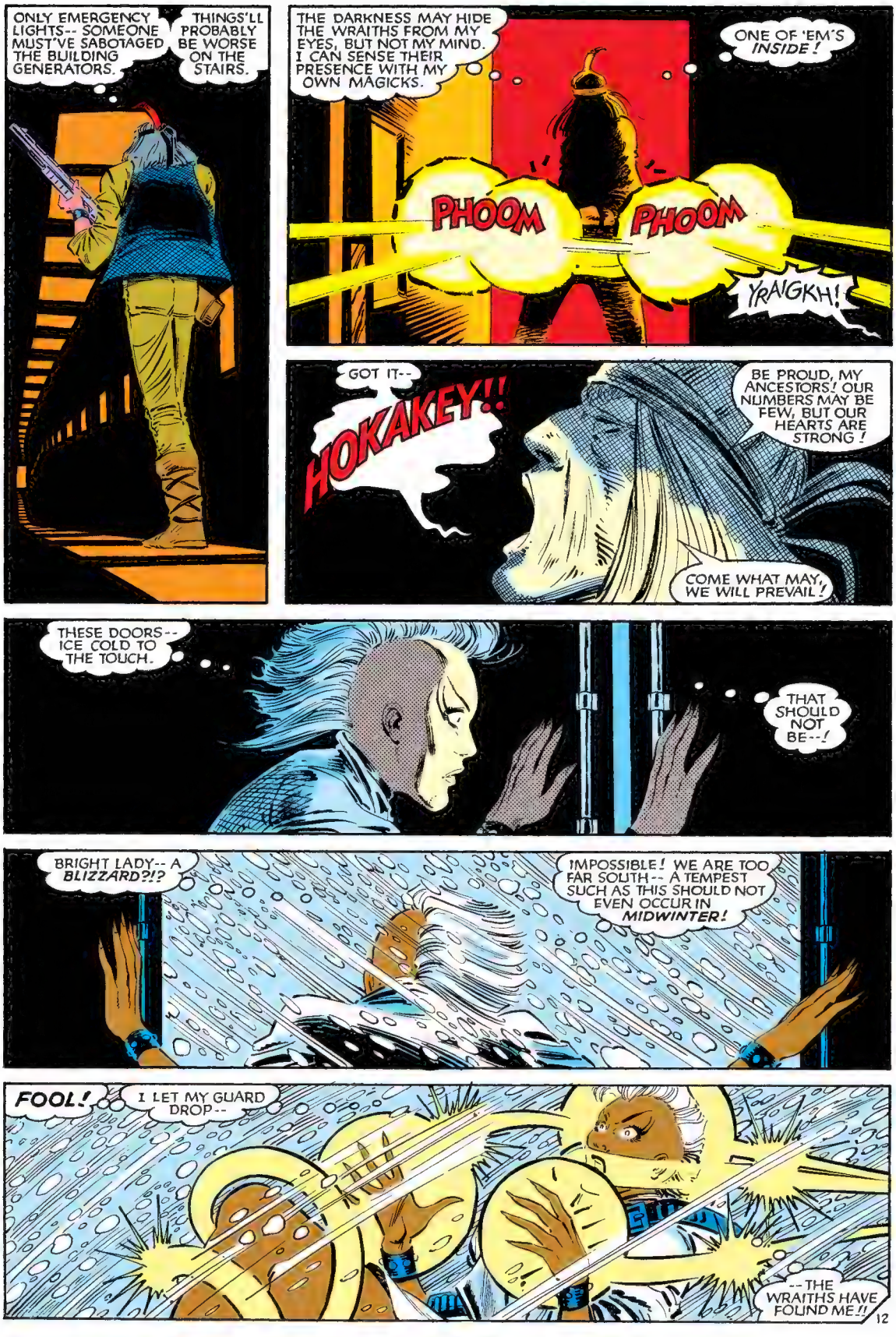

FREE!
I CANNOT HELP LAUGHING, I FEEL SO-- ALIVE!
THIS IS THE SAME MAD, WONDROUS JOY MY FRIEND YUKIO FEELS--TO RISK ALL AGAINST SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE ODDS--
--AND WIN!
TIME TO LET GO. MOMENTUM WILL CARRY ME A BIT FURTHER ON. THEN, BEFORE I BEGIN TO FALL...
... I CAN CATCH A GIRDER...
...AND-- UNAIDED-- PULL MYSELF TO...

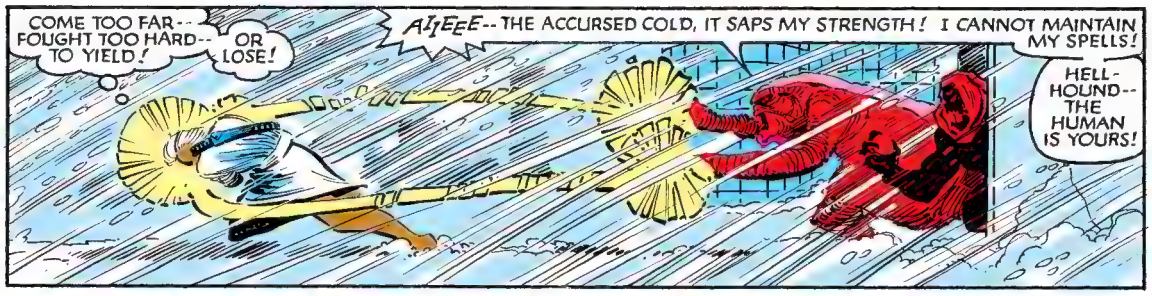

...SAFETY.
WHAT A RIDE!
I SHOULD HAVE DISPOSED OF THESE SHOES IN THE LOBBY. THE HEELS ARE SURE TO BREAK MY ANKLES.

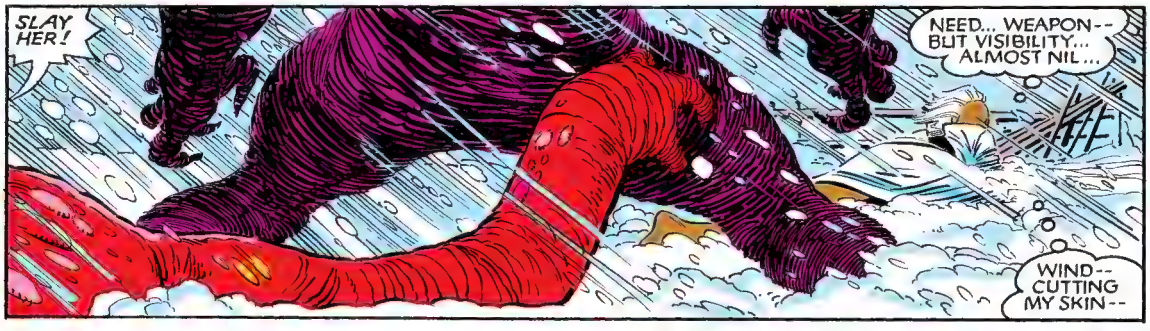
I SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE BAREFOOT. IT STILL FEELS NATURAL TO ME, AND QUITE COMFORTABLE.
NO SIGN OF THE WRAITH--OR NAZE. I CANNOT WAIT--NOR CAN I HELP HIM--FORGE NEEDS ME MORE.
BE CAREFUL, OLD ONE. MAY YOUR GODS WALK WITH YOU.


TRAIL'S CLEAR.
I DIDN'T HEAR A BODY FALL, ORORO MUST'VE CUT HERSELF LOOSE--GOOD FOR HER.
SHE'S A WARRIOR BORN, A MATCH I'D WAGER FOR THE EAGLE HIMSELF. WHAT'D THAT FOOL DO TO MAKE HER HIS ENEMY?!
BEEN AMONG THE WHITES TOO LONG, THAT'S HIS PROBLEM. HE'S LOST ALL SENSE OF COURTESY--ALL SENSE, PERIOD, LOOKS LIKE.

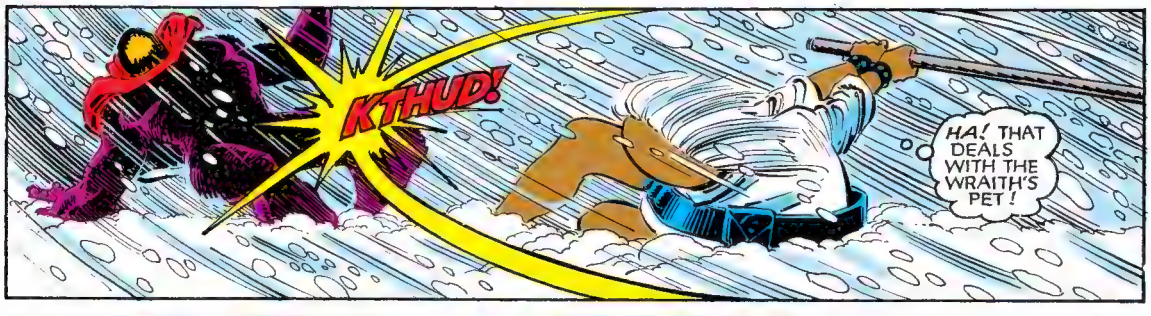
AH, TO BE TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER--I'D NOT LET A PRIZE LIKE ORORO SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS. I'D GIVE MY FOSTER SON A RUN FOR HER HEART...
...HE'D NEVER FORGET!


ONLY EMERGENCY LIGHTS-- SOMEONE MUST'VE SABOTAGED THE BUILDING GENERATORS.
THINGS'LL PROBABLY BE WORSE ON THE STAIRS.
THE DARKNESS MAY HIDE THE WRAITHS FROM MY EYES, BUT NOT MY MIND. I CAN SENSE THEIR PRESENCE WITH MY OWN MAGICKS.
ONE OF 'EM'S INSIDE!
PHOOM
PHOOM
YRAIGKH!
GOT IT--
HOKAKEY!!
BE PROUD, MY ANCESTORS! OUR NUMBERS MAY BE FEW, BUT OUR HEARTS ARE STRONG!
COME WHAT MAY, WE WILL PREVAIL!
THESE DOORS-- ICE COLD TO THE TOUCH.
THAT SHOULD NOT BE--!
BRIGHT LADY-- A BLIZZARD?!?
IMPOSSIBLE! WE ARE TOO FAR SOUTH-- A TEMPEST SUCH AS THIS SHOULD NOT EVEN OCCUR IN MIDWINTER!
FOOL!
I LET MY GUARD DROP--
--THE WRAITHS HAVE FOUND ME!!

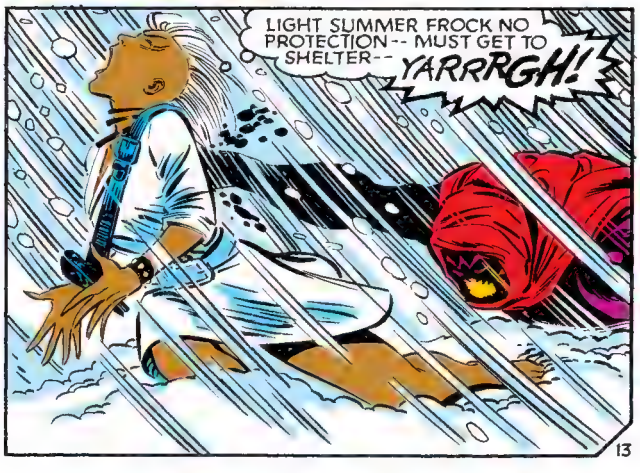

COME TOO FAR-- FOUGHT TOO HARD-- TO YIELD!
OR LOSE!
AIIEEE-- THE ACCURSED COLD, IT SAPS MY STRENGTH! I CANNOT MAINTAIN MY SPELLS!
HELL-HOUND-- THE HUMAN IS YOURS!


SLAY HER!
NEED... WEAPON-- BUT VISIBILITY... ALMOST NIL...
WIND-- CUTTING MY SKIN--

-- BLOWING AGAINST ME, CANNOT HEAR ANYTHING FROM BEHIND.
CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT! IF I CAN GRAB THAT LENGTH OF PIPE--?!


KTHUD!
HA! THAT DEALS WITH THE WRAITH'S PET!

MY-- HANDS!
THEY FROZE-- TO THE METAL!


LIGHT SUMMER FROCK NO PROTECTION-- MUST GET TO SHELTER--
YARRRGH!

IN THAT INSTANT, ORORO BECOMES AN ANIMAL HERSELF, BEREFT OF ALL THOUGHT OR DESIRE SAVE FLIGHT FROM THE AWFUL, SENSES-SHATTERING AGONY OF THE HELLHOUND'S TOUCH.

SHE STUMBLES INTO SPACE, AUTOMATICALLY SPREADING HER ARMS WIDE TO CATCH THE WIND-- A PART OF HER SHRIEKING IN VAIN THAT HER POWERS ARE GONE, THAT SHE CANNOT FLY--

--ONLY TO BE SCOOPED UP BY A FREAK GUST AND CAST BACK ONTO THE ROOF.

MY LUCK, IT SEEMS... HAS NOT DESERTED ME.

HARDLY DO, AFTER THAT, TO PERISH OF COLD.

THE HOUND IS DEAD. ITS MASTER MUST HAVE RETREATED INSIDE. I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW-- AND NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.

ONLY... FEW STEPS TO... DOORWAY-- MIGHT AS WELL BE MILES. LEGS... HEAVY AS LEAD, THEY DO NOT WANT TO MOVE. IF I COULD REST... JUST FOR... MINUTE...

IS THIS THEN WHAT I *TRULY* AM: A WOMAN SO DEPENDENT ON HER MUTANT ABILITIES THAT SHE CANNOT SURVIVE WITHOUT THEM?!

STOP COMPLAINING, ORORO-- *WALK!!*

I HAVE YOU!

THE *WRAITH--!!!*

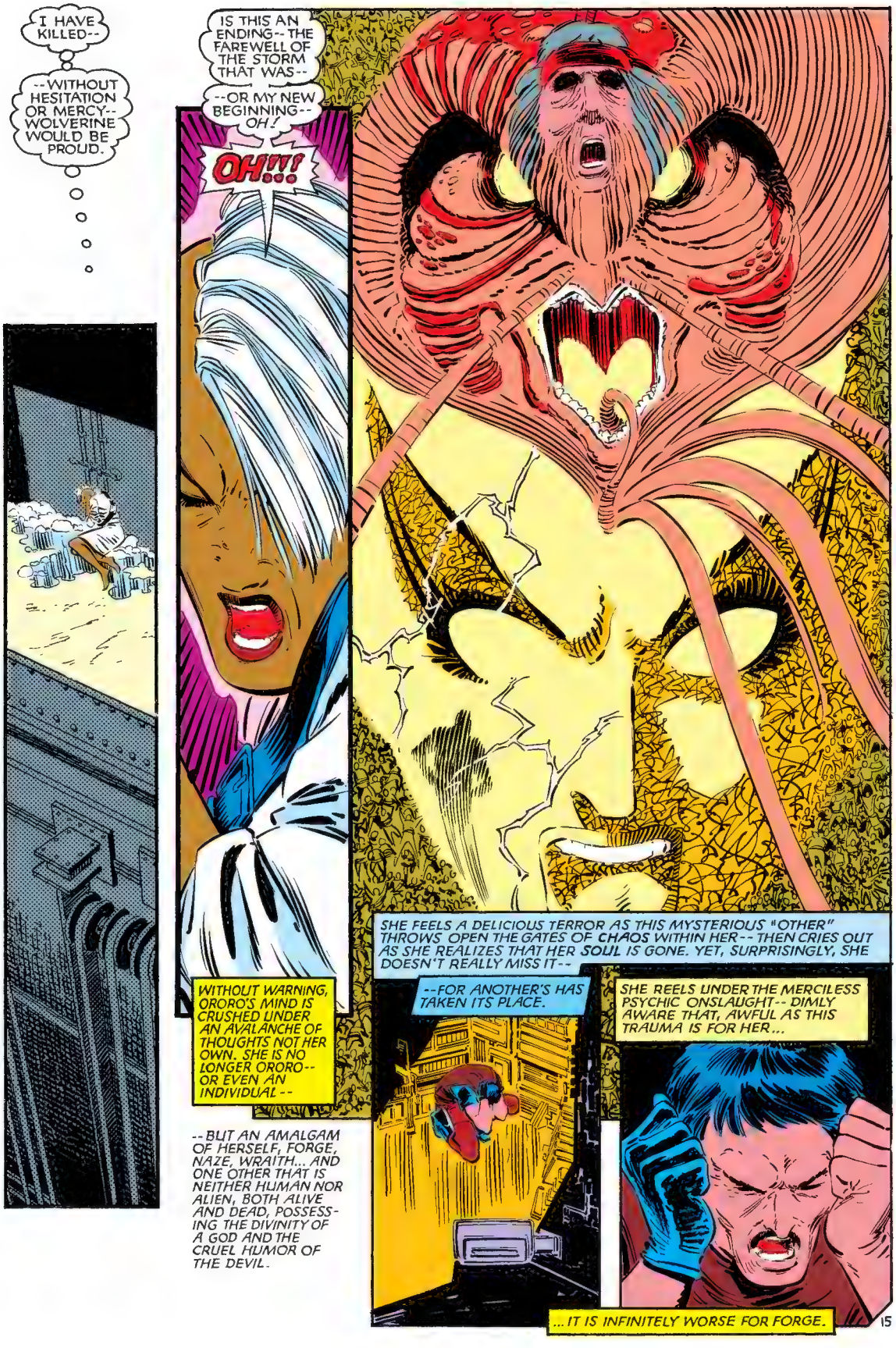
DESPERATION GIVES ORORO THE MANIC STRENGTH NECESSARY TO SHOVE HER FOE ASIDE...

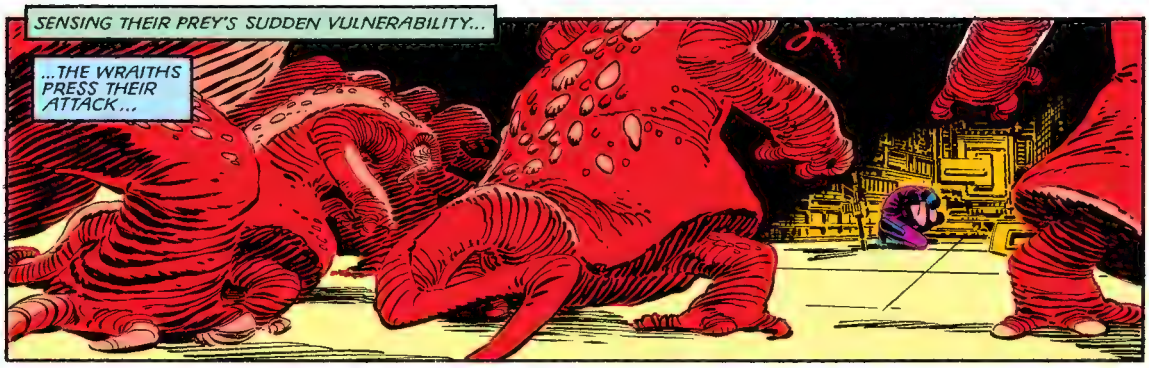
... AND LOCK IT OUT.

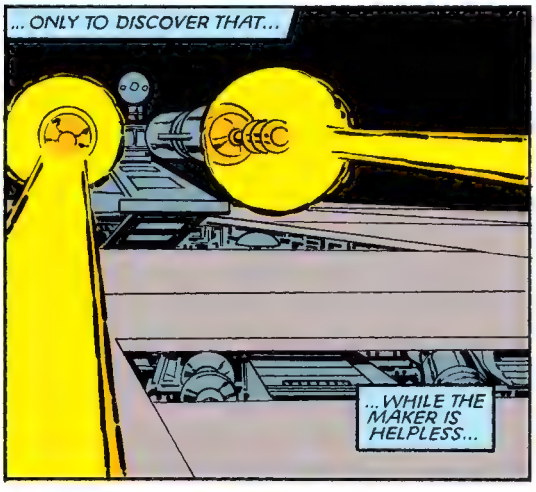
SHE HALF-EXPECTS WRAITH-SPELLS TO RIP THE DOORS OFF THEIR HINGES, BUT THERE IS MERELY A FRANTIC POUNDING...

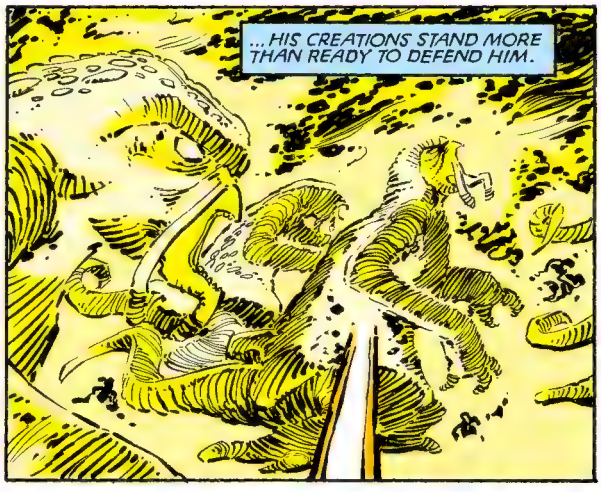
POM POM POM POM POM POM POM POM POM

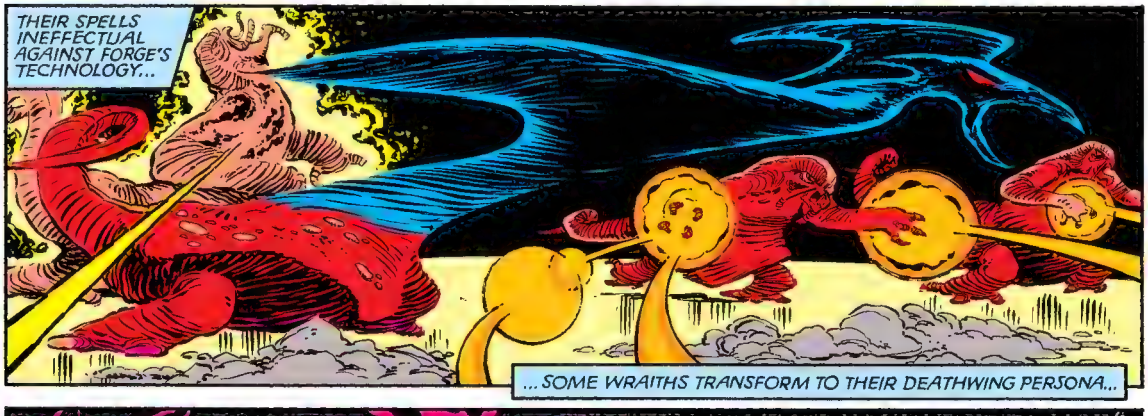
... THAT QUICKLY FADES AWAY.

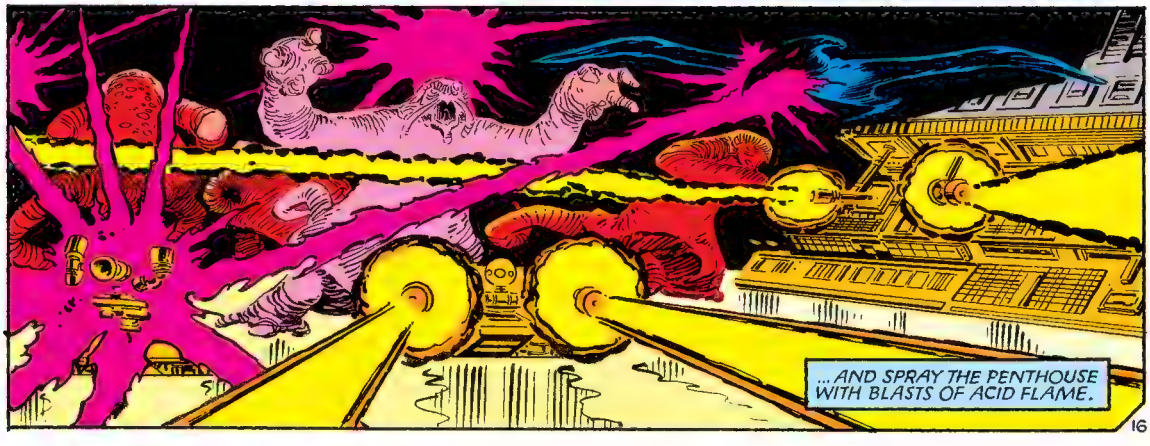

I HAVE KILLED--
--WITHOUT HESITATION OR MERCY--WOLVERINE WOULD BE PROUD.
IS THIS AN ENDING--THE FAREWELL OF THE STORM THAT WAS--
--OR MY NEW BEGINNING--OH!
OH!!!
WITHOUT WARNING, ORORO'S MIND IS CRUSHED UNDER AN AVALANCHE OF THOUGHTS NOT HER OWN. SHE IS NO LONGER ORORO--OR EVEN AN INDIVIDUAL--
--BUT AN AMALGAM OF HERSELF, FORGE, NAZE, WRAITH... AND ONE OTHER THAT IS NEITHER HUMAN NOR ALIEN, BOTH ALIVE AND DEAD, POSSESSING THE DIVINITY OF A GOD AND THE CRUEL HUMOR OF THE DEVIL.
SHE FEELS A DELICIOUS TERROR AS THIS MYSTERIOUS "OTHER" THROWS OPEN THE GATES OF CHAOS WITHIN HER--THEN CRIES OUT AS SHE REALIZES THAT HER SOUL IS GONE. YET, SURPRISINGLY, SHE DOESN'T REALLY MISS IT--
--FOR ANOTHER'S HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE.
SHE REELS UNDER THE MERCILESS PSYCHIC ONSLAUGHT--DIMLY AWARE THAT, AWFUL AS THIS TRAUMA IS FOR HER...
...IT IS INFINITELY WORSE FOR FORGE.

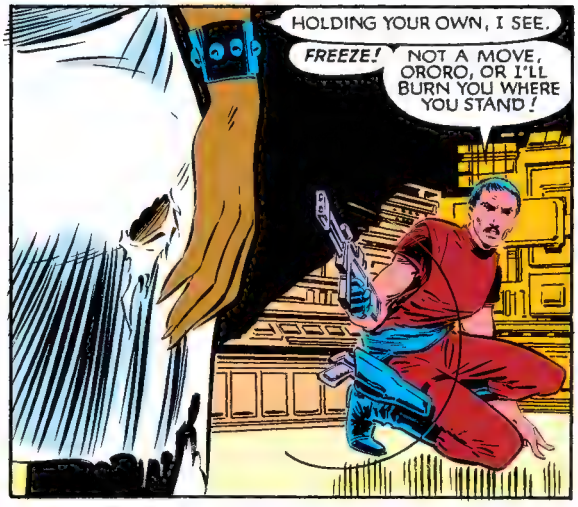

SENSING THEIR PREY'S SUDDEN VULNERABILITY...
...THE WRAITHS PRESS THEIR ATTACK...

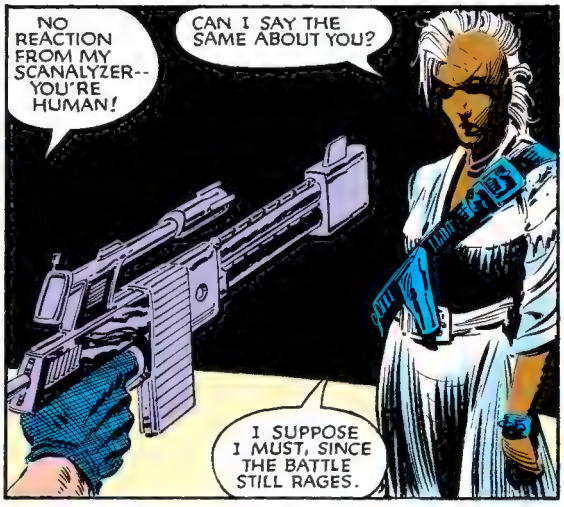

... ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT...
...WHILE THE MAKER IS HELPLESS...


...HIS CREATIONS STAND MORE THAN READY TO DEFEND HIM.


THEIR SPELLS INEFFECTUAL AGAINST FORGE'S TECHNOLOGY...
...SOME WRAITHS TRANSFORM TO THEIR DEATHWING PERSONA...


...AND SPRAY THE PENTHOUSE WITH BLASTS OF ACID FLAME.

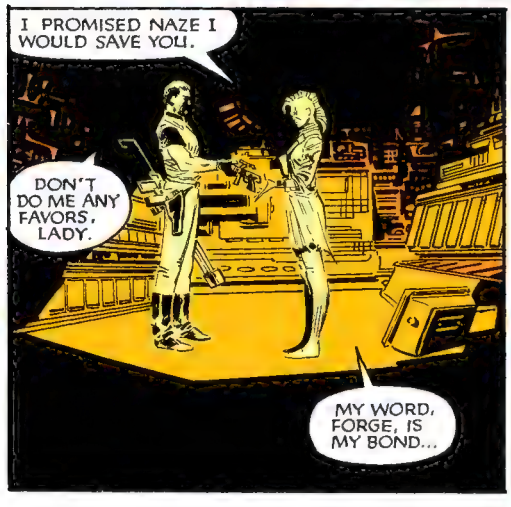

HOLDING YOUR OWN, I SEE.
FREEZE!
NOT A MOVE, ORORO, OR I'LL BURN YOU WHERE YOU STAND!

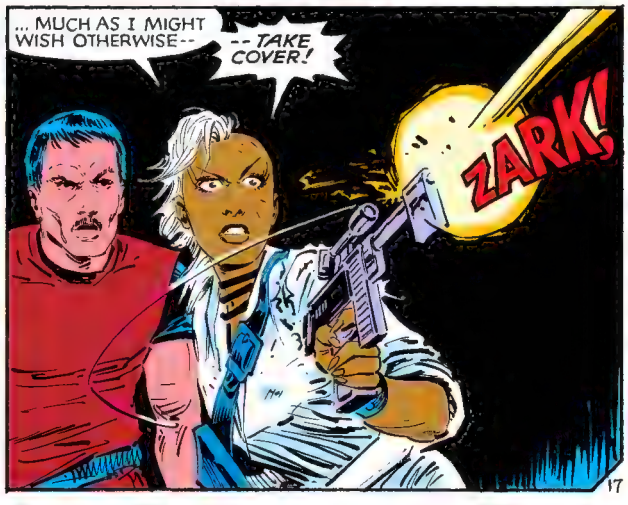

NO REACTION FROM MY SCANALYZER-- YOU'RE HUMAN!
CAN I SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU?
I SUPPOSE I MUST, SINCE THE BATTLE STILL RAGES.

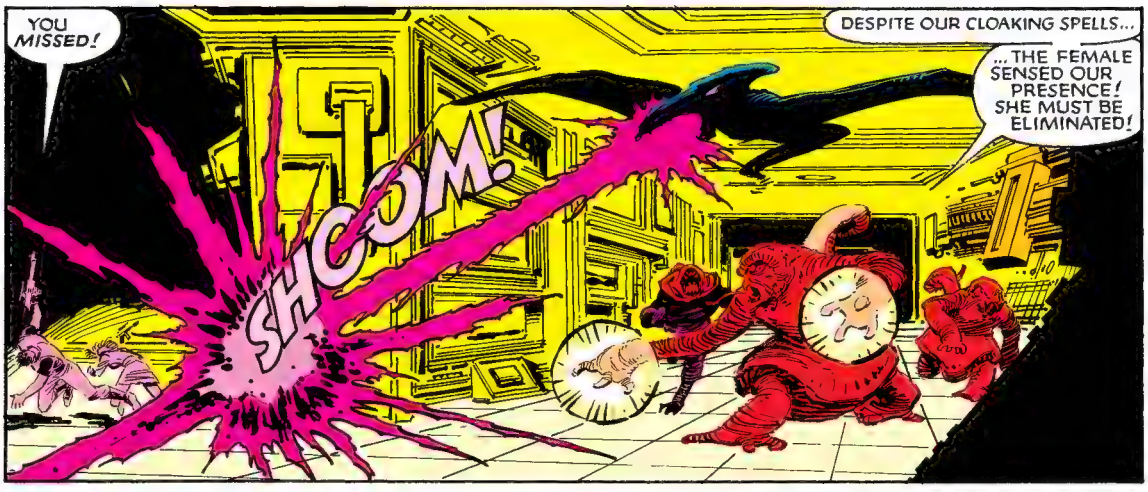
WHERE ARE THE LIGHTS?
FIRST THING THE WRAITHS DID WAS ZAP THE GENERATORS. EMERGENCY SYSTEMS ARE HOLDING THEIR OWN, BUT I'VE HAD TO DIVERT ALL POWER TO MAINTAIN INTERNAL DEFENSES.
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.

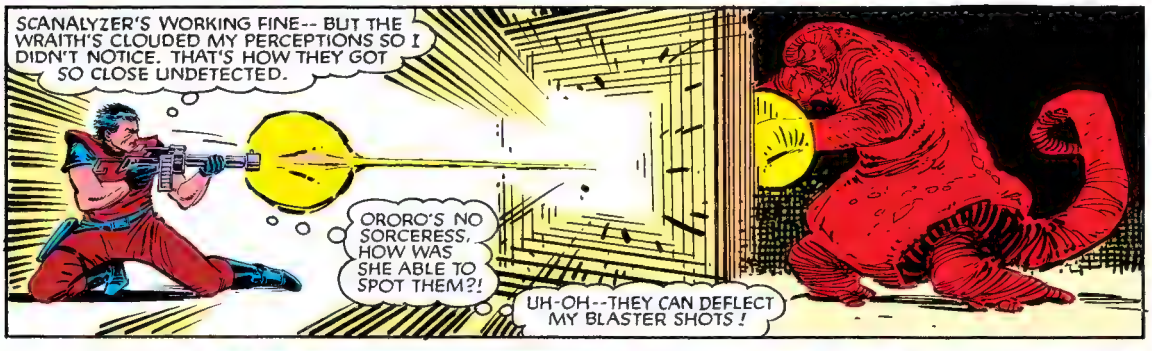
WHAT JUST HAPPENED, FORGE? SOME ENTITY BOUND US IN RAPPORT-- TRIED TO DRIVE US INSANE, I THINK SIMPLY FOR THE FUN OF IT!
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.
I DOUBT THAT.
HOW NATURALLY YOU LIE. I SHOULD BE USED TO THAT BY NOW.

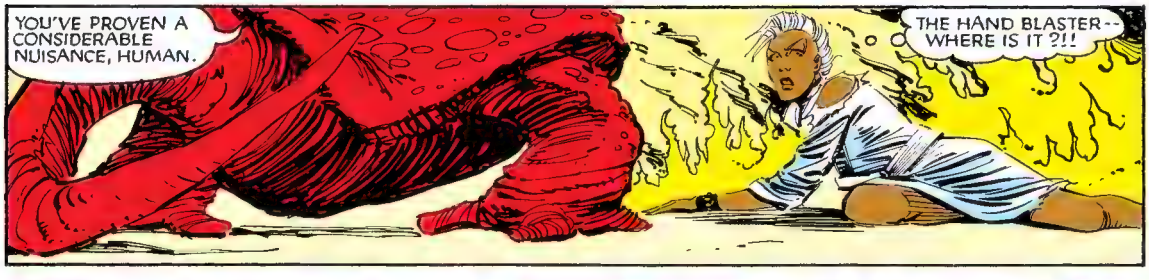
THINK WHAT YOU LIKE, ORORO, YOUR PRIVILEGE--
--BUT IF YOU'RE NOT HERE TO HELP, FIND A PLACE TO HIDE.

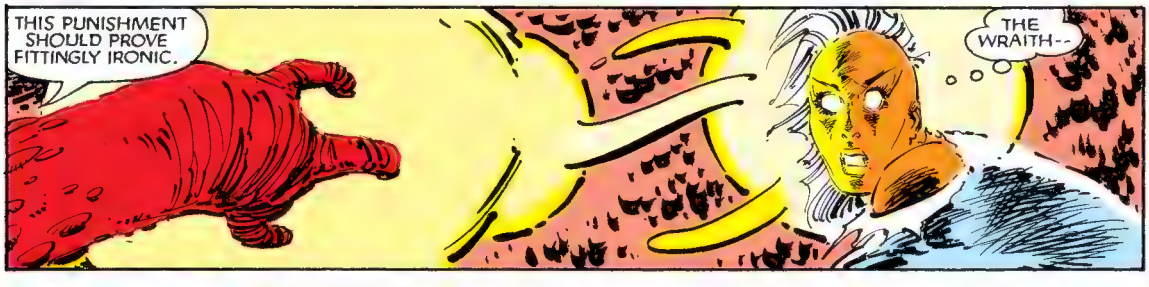

I PROMISED NAZE I WOULD SAVE YOU.
DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS, LADY.
MY WORD, FORGE, IS MY BOND...


... MUCH AS I MIGHT WISH OTHERWISE--
--TAKE COVER!
ZARK!

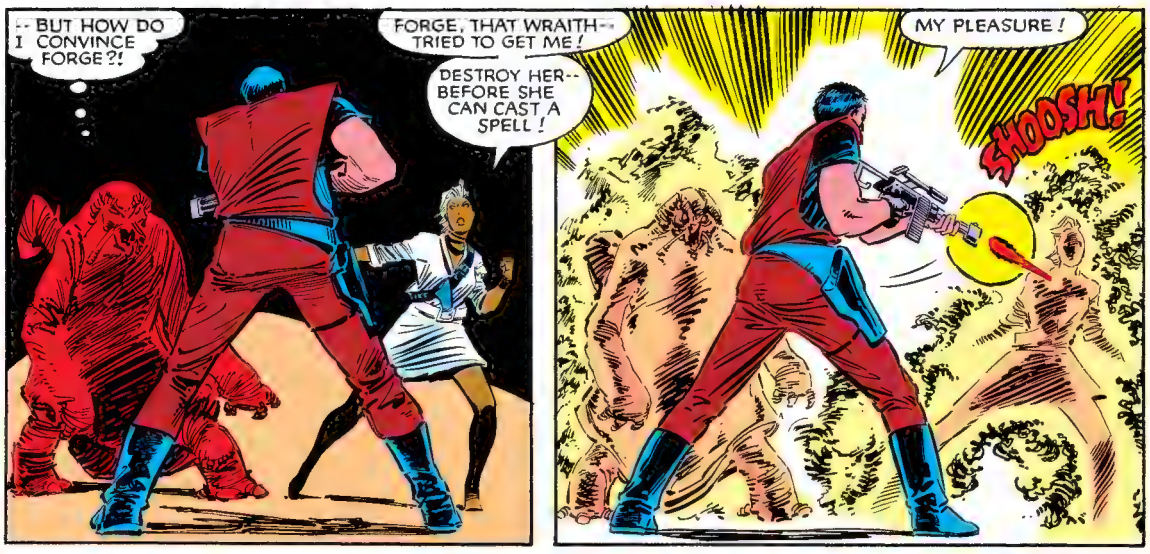

YOU MISSED!
DESPITE OUR CLOAKING SPELLS...
...THE FEMALE SENSED OUR PRESENCE! SHE MUST BE ELIMINATED!
SHCOM!

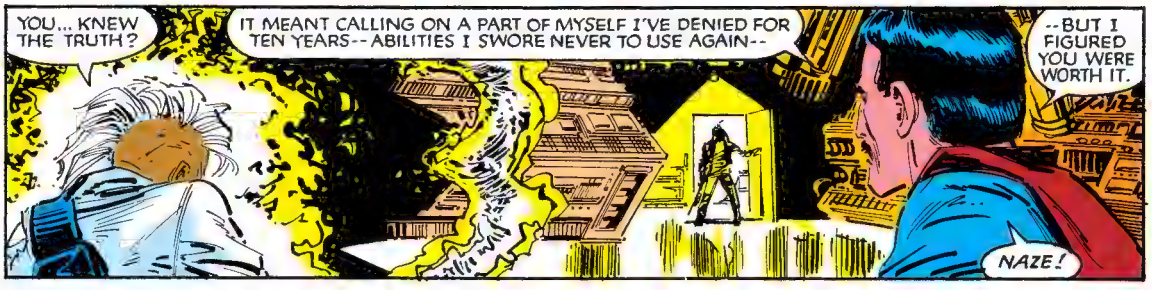

SCANALYZER'S WORKING FINE-- BUT THE WRAITH'S CLOUDED MY PERCEPTIONS SO I DIDN'T NOTICE. THAT'S HOW THEY GOT SO CLOSE UNDETECTED.
ORORO'S NO SORCERESS, HOW WAS SHE ABLE TO SPOT THEM?!
UH-OH--THEY CAN DEFLECT MY BLASTER SHOTS!

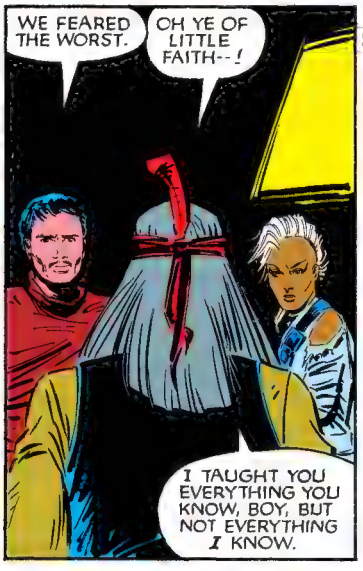

YOU'VE PROVEN A CONSIDERABLE NUISANCE, HUMAN.
THE HAND BLASTER-- WHERE IS IT ?!!

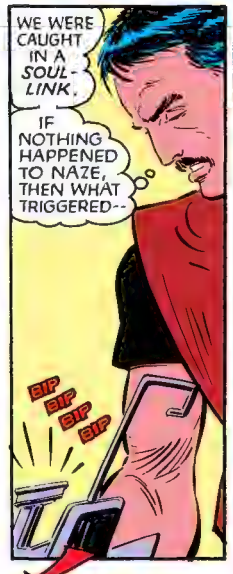

THIS PUNISHMENT SHOULD PROVE FITTINGLY IRONIC.
THE WRAITH--

--TURNING INTO ME, AND ME INTO ONE OF THEM!
IT'S AN ILLUSION--

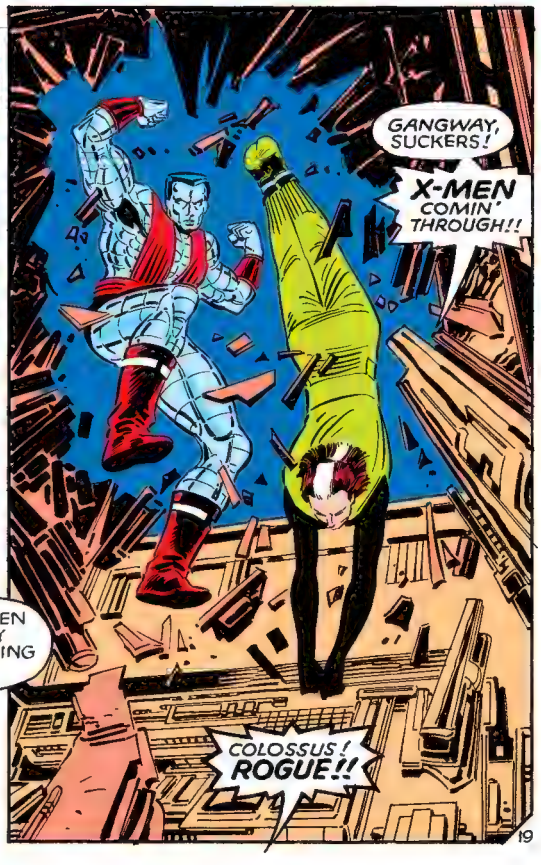

-- BUT HOW DO I CONVINCE FORGE?!
FORGE, THAT WRAITH-- TRIED TO GET ME!
DESTROY HER-- BEFORE SHE CAN CAST A SPELL!
MY PLEASURE!
SHOOSH!

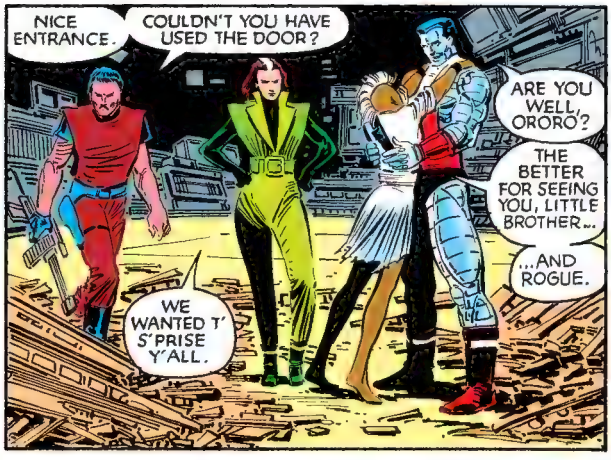

YOU... KNEW THE TRUTH?
IT MEANT CALLING ON A PART OF MYSELF I'VE DENIED FOR TEN YEARS-- ABILITIES I SWORE NEVER TO USE AGAIN--
--BUT I FIGURED YOU WERE WORTH IT.
NAZE!

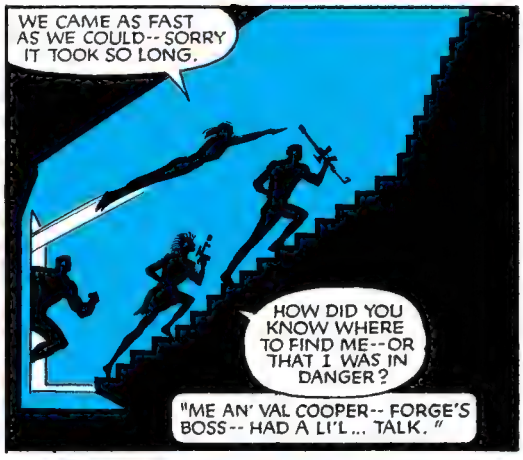

WE FEARED THE WORST.
OH YE OF LITTLE FAITH--!
I TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, BOY, BUT NOT EVERYTHING I KNOW.

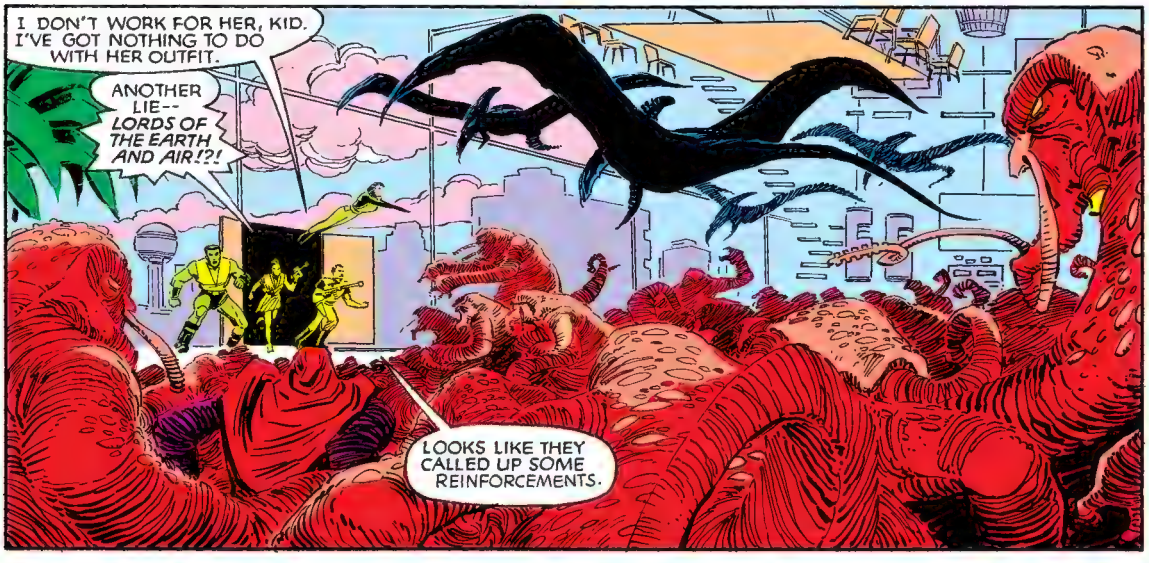

WE WERE CAUGHT IN A SOUL-LINK.
IF NOTHING HAPPENED TO NAZE, THEN WHAT TRIGGERED--
BIP BIP BIP BIP

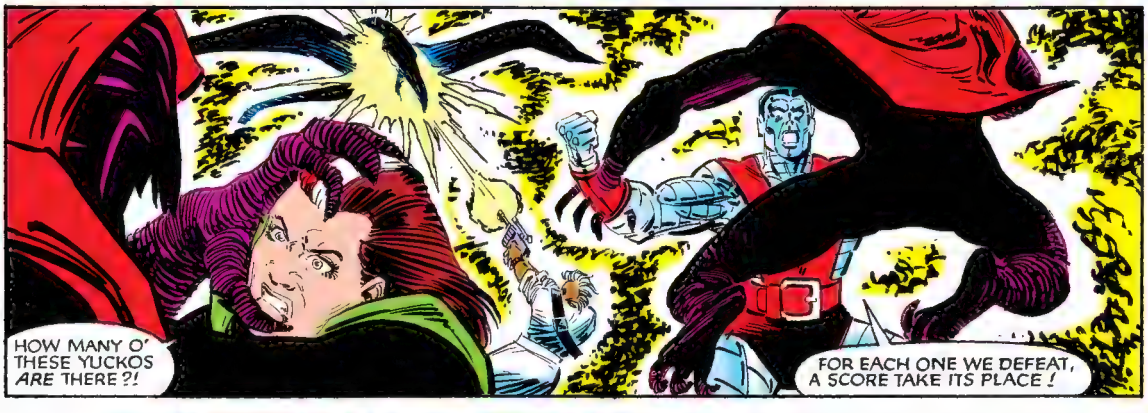
A CONTACT, CLOSE BY!
THE BUILDING--!
IT'S BEEN HIT, BY SOMETHING BIG!

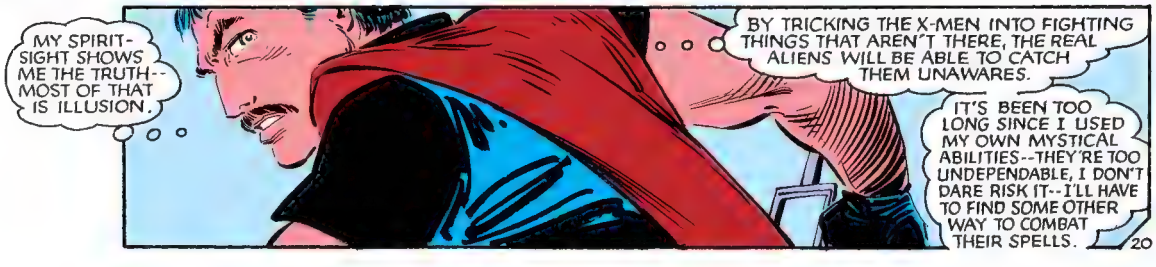

GANGWAY, SUCKERS!
X-MEN COMIN' THROUGH!!
COLOSSUS! ROGUE!!


NICE ENTRANCE.
COULDN'T YOU HAVE USED THE DOOR?
ARE YOU WELL, ORORO?
THE BETTER FOR SEEING YOU, LITTLE BROTHER...
...AND ROGUE.
WE WANTED T' S'PRISE Y'ALL.


WE CAME AS FAST AS WE COULD-- SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG.
HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME--OR THAT I WAS IN DANGER?
"ME AN' VAL COOPER-- FORGE'S BOSS-- HAD A LI'L... TALK."

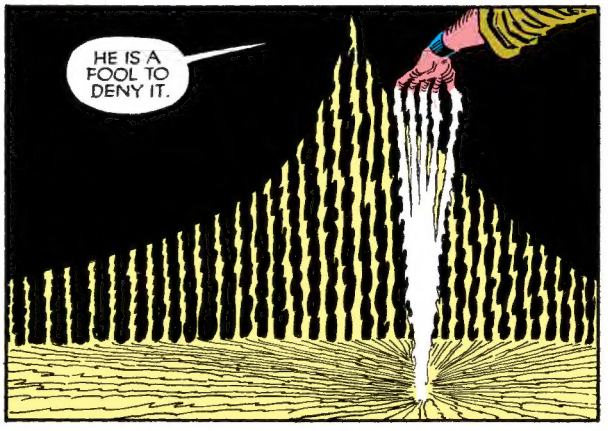

I DON'T WORK FOR HER, KID. I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH HER OUTFIT.
ANOTHER LIE-- *LORDS OF THE EARTH AND AIR!?!*
LOOKS LIKE THEY CALLED UP SOME REINFORCEMENTS.

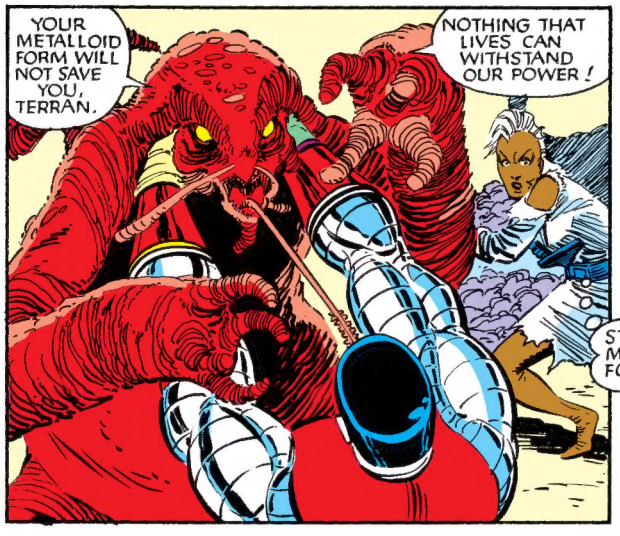

HOW MANY O' THESE YUCKOS *ARE* THERE?!
FOR EACH ONE WE DEFEAT, A SCORE TAKE ITS PLACE!


MY SPIRIT-SIGHT SHOWS ME THE TRUTH-- MOST OF THAT IS ILLUSION.
BY TRICKING THE X-MEN INTO FIGHTING THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE, THE REAL ALIENS WILL BE ABLE TO CATCH THEM UNAWARES.
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I USED MY OWN MYSTICAL ABILITIES--THEY'RE TOO UNDEPENDABLE, I DON'T DARE RISK IT--I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO COMBAT THEIR SPELLS.

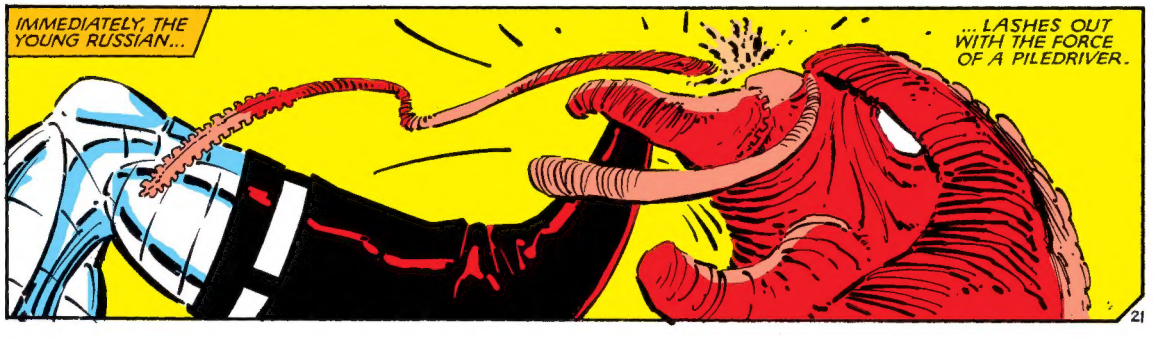
MEANWHILE...
THIS IS THE EAGLE'S NEST--FORGE'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM--THE SEAT AND NEXUS OF HIS MIGHT.
MOST IMPRESSIVE.

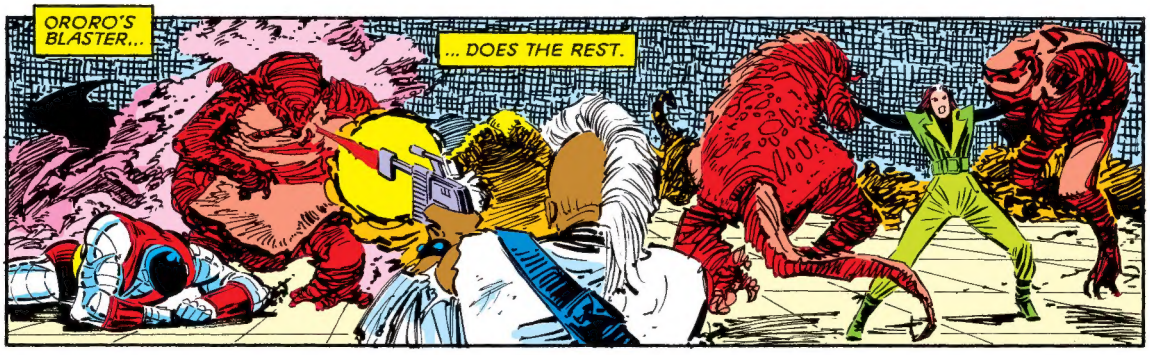
HIS POWER IS ALMOST BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

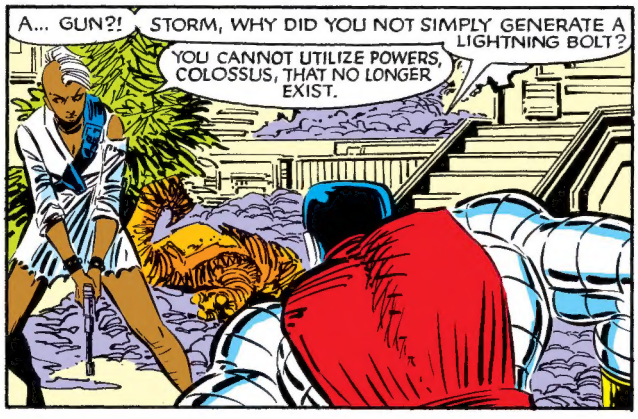

HE IS A FOOL TO DENY IT.

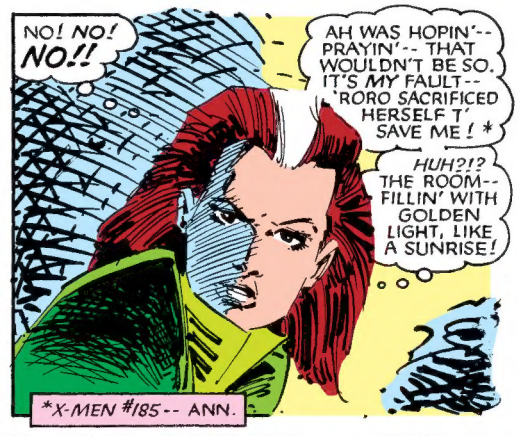

YOUR METALLOID FORM WILL NOT SAVE YOU, TERRAN.
NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN WITHSTAND OUR POWER!

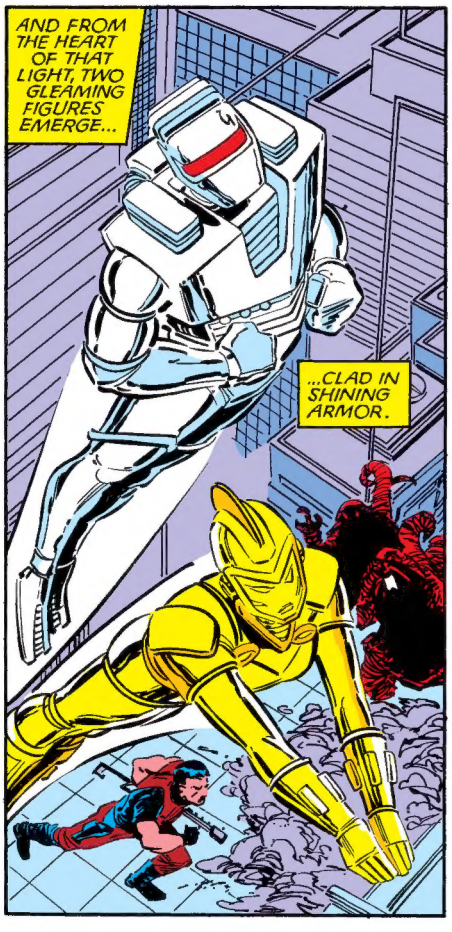
ITS TOUCH, LIKE ACID--BURNING INTO MY BRAIN!
STRUGGLING TOO MUCH--NO CHANCE FOR A CLEAR SHOT!
HIT IT, PETER--HARD AS YOU CAN--OR YOU ARE LOST!

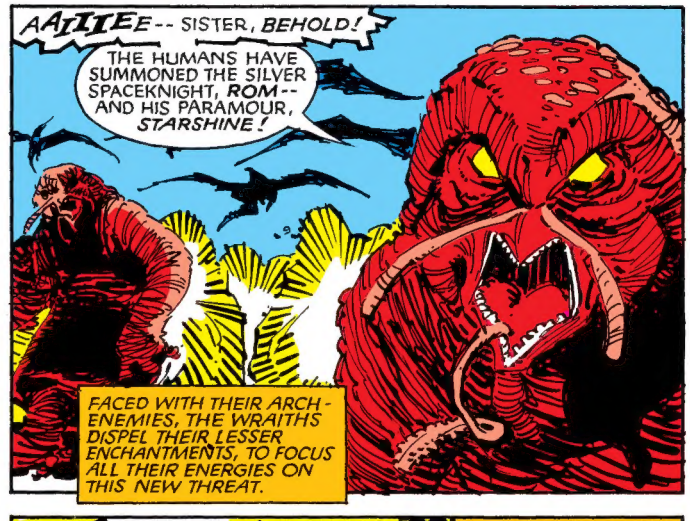

IMMEDIATELY, THE YOUNG RUSSIAN...
...LASHES OUT WITH THE FORCE OF A PILEDRIVER.

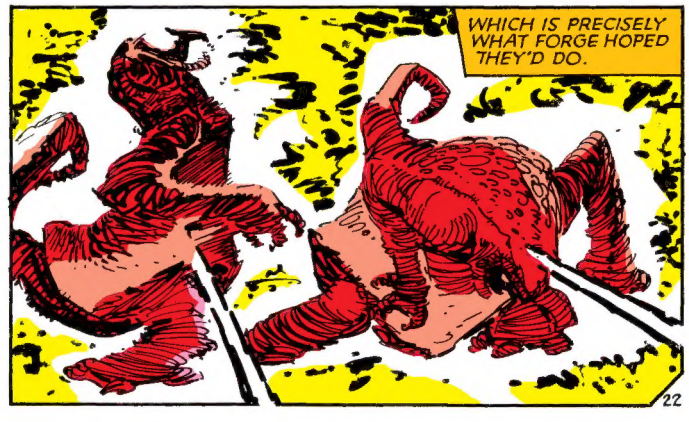

ORORO'S BLASTER...
... DOES THE REST.

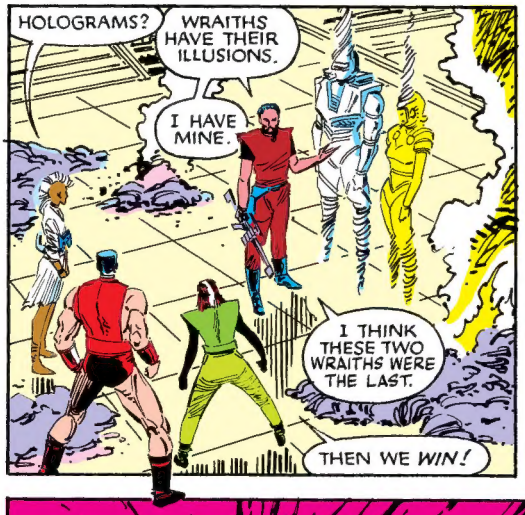

A... GUN?!
STORM, WHY DID YOU NOT SIMPLY GENERATE A LIGHTNING BOLT?
YOU CANNOT UTILIZE POWERS, COLOSSUS, THAT NO LONGER EXIST.

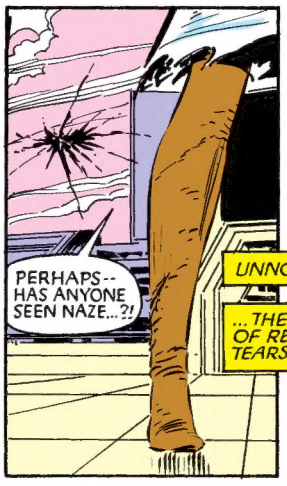

NO! NO! NO!!
AH WAS HOPIN'-- PRAYIN'-- THAT WOULDN'T BE SO. IT'S MY FAULT-- 'RORO SACRIFICED HERSELF T' SAVE ME! *
HUH?!? THE ROOM-- FILLIN' WITH GOLDEN LIGHT, LIKE A SUNRISE!
*X-MEN #185-- ANN.

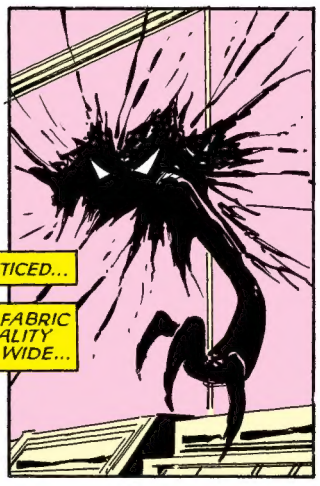

AND FROM THE HEART OF THAT LIGHT, TWO GLEAMING FIGURES EMERGE...
...CLAD IN SHINING ARMOR.

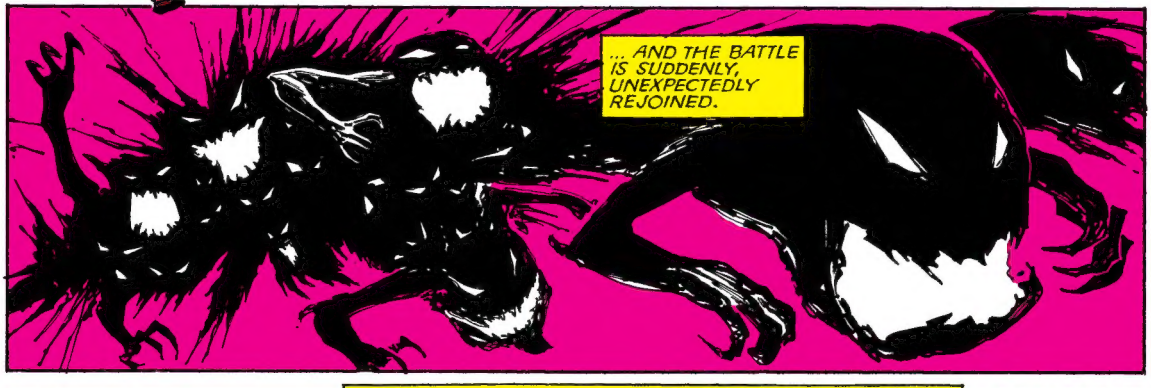

AATIEE-- SISTER, BEHOLD!
THE HUMANS HAVE SUMMONED THE SILVER SPACEKNIGHT, ROM-- AND HIS PARAMOUR, STARSHINE!
FACED WITH THEIR ARCH-ENEMIES, THE WRAITHS DISPEL THEIR LESSER ENCHANTMENTS, TO FOCUS ALL THEIR ENERGIES ON THIS NEW THREAT.


WHICH IS PRECISELY WHAT FORGE HOPED THEY'D DO.


HOLOGRAMS?
WRAITHS HAVE THEIR ILLUSIONS.
I HAVE MINE.
I THINK THESE TWO WRAITHS WERE THE LAST.
THEN WE WIN!


PERHAPS-- HAS ANYONE SEEN NAZE...?!


UNNOTICED...
...THE FABRIC OF REALITY TEARS WIDE...


... AND THE BATTLE IS SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY REJOINED.

ONLY THIS TIME, IT MAY BE OVER BEFORE IT'S TRULY BEGUN.
NEXT:
LEGACY OF THE LOST!

MINUTEMEN
Bluntman